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Inside scenes of Atlanta's Black Week.
A series of social sensations and a
carnival of crimes.

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Class _____

Book _____

INSIDE SCENES *

OF

Atlanta's Black Week

A SERIES OF SOCIAL SENSATIONS

AND A

Carnival of Crimes.



TERMINATING WITH A

* Terrible Tale of Tragedies *

And Tears.

BY LEE LANGLEY.



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INTRODUCTORY.

It is a theory in newspaper circles that crime, like storms, travels in waves. When one terrible event has occurred the newspaper man with "nose for news," is on the alert, looking for and expecting something else of the same nature, something similar to happen. And he is rarely disappointed. It is a strange theory, but its demonstration is stranger still.

There are storms of lesser magnitude, and there are cyclones. The distinction is one of degree alone. So with these crime waves. There are cyclones—simoons of crime. As the simooms with its breath of hell swoops down on the city of the desert, stifling, suffocating every creature in its path, so did a crime simoom swoop down upon the fair city of Atlanta—startling, stifling, suffocating. No words can picture the consternation, the destruction, the desolation it brought.

It was something unique in the history of any city—something unparalleled in the annals of crime. The story of that chain of events, rushing in upon each other as they did, is one of deep and absorbing interest. It is of interest not to the seeker after the sensational alone; were it only that, there would perhaps be little reason for this volume; but it is more. Here is a study for psychologists. It opens a field for discussion, and at the same time tells a story so peculiar, so absorbing, so tragical that it all seems beyond the bounds of possibility and proves, if proof be necessary, that the facts of this life are stranger than any fiction.

For months Atlanta, the Queen City of the fair Southland, had been at peace, apparently, with all mankind and was reaping the benefits of that peace in a bonuteous prosperity. The financial storms that had struck her less fortunate sisters had left her unscathed. The "Atlanta air" of thrift and enterprise and success was seemingly more noticeable than ever. Society was free from scandal and the people were happy. Atlanta was the pride of the South.

And she is still, but many and deep have been her tribulations.

ATLANTA'S BLACK WEEK.

A black week indeed. As if by one fell blow were financial circles paralyzed. Scandal stalked in high places. A young man in whom the world had every confidence, fell from the heights, carrying with him destruction and death. The storm had struck and Atlanta was its center. Desolation utter and deep it left in its path. Crime and carnage followed fast and the whole community seemed seized with the fatal spell. An indescribable dread weighted down the hearts as it must have the hearts of the good in Sodom and Gomorrah of old. Mothers clasped their babes to their breasts praying mute prayers for deliverance from the fate that seemed impending to all. Horror was pictured on the faces of strong men—that same picture so familiar to those who have gone through an earthquake experience. While pervading the entire community was that spirit of reckless bravado soldiers feel when facing what seems certain death.

No word picture can do it justice. So intense was the feeling of distrust that the ministers of the city met in special session and requested the newspapers to stop publication, or if they must appear, to give no details of the different crimes. The prevalence of this feeling of distrust cannot be better illustrated than by reproducing the following editorial which was the *Constitution's* leader in the Sunday issue which told the story of the week's carnival of crime:

Within the past week, Atlanta has been afflicted with calamities heretofore unknown in her history.

We do not propose to shock our readers by going into details, nor by giving a list of the horrors rushing upon us from day to day, piling climax upon climax, until tongue and pen have found it impossible to keep pace with the swift tide of events.

Taine says that even a nation may have a period of insanity, and it is very generally believed that epidemics of madness have occasionally swept whole communities. And why not? If insanity may seize an entire family, why not temporarily a group of families, a town, a country?

The incidents of the past few days give color and substance to these reflections, but our people must not give way to the excitement and gloom so natural under the circumstances. The mysterious ways of Providence sometimes bring grief to all of us, but in the end they will be vindicated by final results, and men will see that an All-Wise Father has scourged them lovingly and for their good.

In this Christian city of law and order, filled with noble charities and kind hearts we cannot believe that there will be an epidemic either of insanity or crime. There is no cause for it. Our people are sympathetic, and full of brotherly love. "Man's inhumanity to man" is a meaningless phrase here. We have no sharp contrasts of plutocracy and poverty to make people desperate, and there is no feverish excitement in our social life powerful enough to make men and women lose their heads. The incidents of the past week are exceptional, and doubtless they will be followed by a long period of peaceful and monotonous quiet.

We hope so. But the men of God and the worshipers who congregate today in our more than seventy churches should utilize to the utmost the calming and soothing influences of the holy Sabbath. Good and thoughtful people will find it in their power this morning to start a current of sentiment through the community that will carry balm to many a wounded heart and peace to many a troubled mind. This current of Christian sentiment starting from the family altar, from the pulpit, and from every good man with the grace of God in his heart, can restore quiet and happiness in this season of sorrow.

And now let us one and all, yield to the spirit of this holy day, and may the peace of God be with us all.

That was the feeling, and the incidents that served to bring the people up to that high pitch were sensational in the extreme. Beginning with several unique and peculiar crimes that served as a prelude, there followed this particular week into which the sensations, the experiences of a lifetime were crowded.

The defalcation of Lewis Redwine which caused the Gate City National Bank to close its doors, and came near bringing the city into a financial panic.

The suicide of Tom Cobb Jackson—an event terrible in itself, more terrible in all it portends.

Then the capture of Redwine followed on the heels of the suicide, and

Then, as if to bring it all to a climax, the horrible double uxorcide of Miss Julia Force.

And now to tell the story of it all.

CHAPTER. ONE.

Being the Story of the First Double Tragedy of the Series.

First in the catalogue of the past series of crimes comes the attempted double suicide, or suicide and mnrder, of Umberta Piantini and Selita Muegge, his beautiful young step-sister, in the Metropolitan hotel, on January the 28th. The story is as thrilling and sensational as its sequal was sad. The powers of passion have never been greater, the longings of love more insatiable, and self-destruction, more deliberate than in this case. So irresistibly enthralled with the influences of his mad love, yielding to the fiery passions imputed to the Italian nature, Piantini forgot or disregarded the marital vows and all ties, and followed with unfaltering step his insane love for his pretty German step-sister to his death; and he found in her a full response and willing companion.

Insane with the passion of love, and afire with the flames of depravity, these two erring souls, within the sacred sanctity of a family circle, bound by the strongest ties of human flesh and blood, violated every principle of virtue and honor, and cast an everlasting stigma on a pure name. If such crimes are possible, surrounded by mother, father, wife, children and sisters, in the heart of a city famed the country over for its morality, Christianity and culture, no one could be seriously censured did they deny the virtue of civilization. Readers, when such is the story that forms the opening chapter of this book of crimes, need you marvel at what follows?

When the intimacy of Piantini and Miss Muegge, his step-sister, had reached that stage that secrecy could no longer be maintained, with a coolness as remarkable and incomperable as had marked the other features of their crime, they deliberately planned to end it all with death, and to this end the appointment was made on the fa-

tal evening to meet at what soon subsequently became the scene of death. What followed is easily told. They took room 29, to which they at once retired. No one knows what passed from that time till the fatal shots were heard.

What followed is soon told.

With his arms about the woman he loved, and her soft, round arms encircling his neck in sweet embrace, Umberto Piantini kissed Selita Muegge goodby, put a bullet into her head and sent another crashing into his own brain.

Their warm life blood commingled. Their hearts beat together. A crimson torrent gushed from each of the wounds. Into their dazed senses then crept the idea that they were dying together, and instinctively the last embrace tightened.

Divided in life by barriers that no human power could destroy, they had sought the union in death for which their loving hearts longed.

The guilty couple crept away from the home where both lived, but where circumstances forbade them even exchanging a tender, loving glance.

Going to the hotel, they registered as man and wife. Forgotten was the wife at home; forgotten was the old mother and father; forgotten for the time was all the world beside.

Beyond the death they sought they saw a union to which all earthly obstacles would be removed.

No goodby was said. Just a minute and they would be inseparably united. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, then with a firm hand, Piantini pressed an ugly bulldog revolver to Selita Muegge's temple. She did not flinch as the steel touched her warm flesh.

Cooler than they had ever been in all their lives before, they faced each other in that dreadful moment. The finger touching the trigger barely moved.

There was a sharp, quick report. The young woman fell back, but her lover still clung to her, holding her in his arms. With the swift-

ness of lightning, he turned the muzzle of the revolver to his own head. Another loud report, and the two lovers sank speechless side by side.

Streams of blood flooded the snow white linen. Not a groan or a sigh escaped the couple. Lying in their own commingled blood, the sound of the revolver still echoing in their ears, the two were discovered three minutss after the shooting.

The youth and beauty of the two compelled the sympathy of all. The flush of health tinted the fresh young cheeks of both. Piantini, a handsome Italian, with jet-black hair and mustache, is just twenty-four years old, and has a strikingly handsome face. The young woman is step-sister to Piantini. Piantini is the son of F. Piantini, the wood carver. The elder lives at 400 Pryor street, where he has an elegant home. A few years ago, he married a second time, and Selita Muegge's mother was the bride. They lived in New Jersey at the time, but came here to live. Umberto Piantini married six years ago.

At the home of Piantini, a contented father and mother, a fond wife, and two fond sisters were sitting by a glowing fire in a happy home when the awful news reached them.

Prostrated at the fearful shock, not one of them was able to go to the bedside of the perhaps dying lovers. The grief of the forgotten and neglectcd wife was distressing beyond all comparison.

About half-past three o'clock, Piantini and Miss Muegge walked into the office of the hotel and went directly to the register. They came in from the entrance on Pryor street, next to the railroad. It was the time for the Central road train, and Mr. Keith supposed the couple had reached the city on that train.

"I want a room for myself and wife until to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock," said he. "We wish to leave on the 7 o'clock train."

He picked up the pen and wrote in a slanting, but firm hand, "Umberto Piantini and wife." They said they were not particular about the room being very elegant. Mr. Keith assigned them to room 29 on the third floor. The room is on the Pryor street side of the hotel, and is rather plainly furnished. There are two beds in the room.

THE TWO SHOTS.

At a quarter to six o'clock, two ringing reports were heard on the upper floor in the direction of the room occupied by the couple. The sharp reports were heard in every part of the house and a half dozen negroes went running up the stairway.

All was still. Not a sound disturbed the quiet on the floor. The negroes were frightened, and ran as hurriedly down the stairway as they had ascended it.

One of them ran like the wind to the police station a block below. All was excitement at the hotel. No one knew the significance of the two pistol shots. At the police station Callman Beavers waited but an instant to hear the story of the excited negro and started out for the hotel. A half block away he overtook Patrolman Jordan, and the two officers went together to the hotel office.

Mr. Charlie Keith, who had just entered the office a minute ahead of the policemen, went with the officers to the room.

The crowd followed, all a-tremble with excitement and curiosity. The deathly stillness was puzzling. No one knew what to make of it.

"Be careful," said Mr. Keith; "you may get shot."

The door of room 29 was slightly ajar. Patrolman Beavers cautiously approached the door and peeped in. To the right and to the left was a bed.

At first, the officer saw nothing. Glancing about the room for an instant, he suddenly recoiled with a cry of horror.

A horrible, frightful, sickening sight met his eyes.

Lying on the bed to the left of the door, locked in each other's arms, their heads lying in a pool of blood and upon a blood-stained pillow, their faces reposed and calm in expression, were a beautiful young woman and a handsome man.

A smoking bulldog revolver lay on the floor beside the bed.

Patrolmen Beavers and Jordan and Mr. Keith entered the room without a word. Instinctively they surveyed the room with their eyes as they entered. The thought of an assassin lurking behind

the doorway waiting to escape presented itself instantly to their minds. The room was empty save for the presence of the pair locked in each other's embrace.

The men turned to the bloody scene on the bed. The two figures were as still as if already dead. They made no move and were apparently suffering no pain.

Beavers bent over the man and shook him by the arm. The man turned his blood-bespattered and frightful looking face toward the officer. He was conscious. The officer asked his name.

He pointed a bloody finger at the table.

"Is she your wife?" Beavers asked.

He shook his head feebly and a fresh torrent of blood rushed from his ear.

He closed his eyes and made no further sign.

The woman was unconscious, and appeared as peaceful and still as if sleeping.

Her magnificently beautiful face was horribly beautiful still in its crimson setting of blood. Her soft, drooping eyelids covered her sweet, languorous eyes. The tender purity of the face was beautiful to see. It was an ideally pretty face, the soft, sublime expression of a woman who had done no wrong resting like a smile upon it. There was not a suggestion of pain in it, nor a suggestion of sin or wrong.

The sight the couple presented was enough to make the strongest heart turn sick. Men long accustomed to sights of blood and suffering turned shudderingly away from the bedside. Chief Connolly turned away his head.

"For eighteen years I have been used to horrible sights," said he, "but I have never seen anything like that."

Men who saw the bloody sight turned away and fell fainting. More than one man had to be led from the room.

THE LETTERS THEY LEFT BEHIND.

While the physicians were busying themselves attending the

wounded pair, the officers were solving the mystery surrounding the shooting. When asked his name, Piantini pointed to the table in the center of the room. On the table were found two letters. On top of them was a sheet of paper bearing the words, in a big, bold hand: "Deliver these letters to our parents."

The first letter was directed to F. Piantini, father of the young man. It was sealed. It read:

January 24, 1893.—In this moment that we write we are happy. In an hour and a half we will be dead; we will be no more in the land of the living. We believe that we will be united after death, as we are now united in life.

Please bury us in the same coffin—this is our last request. Bury us in Oakland cemetery and plant ivy on our graves.

SELITA and UMBERTO,

The other letter was addressed to Piantini's mother-in-law, and written in Italian. It was translated by a friend of Piantini, as follows:

Accept my last regards, for one hour from now I will be dead. It seems to me that it was wrong for me to take \$2 a day.

My Dear Aunt, it has almost run me crazy, after I had pawned my jewelry, I didn't have enough. One kiss from my heart, and goodby.

UMBERTO.

THE NEWS AT PIANTINI'S HOME.

The doctors busied themselves probing for the balls in the heads of the wounded pair. While they were engaged in this, Patrolman Beavers went to the home of Piantini's father and Miss Muegge's mother, at 400 South Pryor street. The scene there, when the news was broken to the parents, was indescribable. The mother fell in her husband's arms, and the pretty young sisters of the wounded girl wept hysterically.

Miss Muegge was carried to her home, 400 South Pryor Street. She begged piteously not to be carried home as she was being placed in the ambulance, but her cries were of no avail. She declared that her mother must not know.

Although they had been notified immediately after the shooting, not one of the relatives of the pair went near the scene of the killing. They waited at home until the city ambulance bore home the form of pretty Selita Muegge.

A few hours before she had left home to come up town shopping. At that time her face bore no shadow of the impending catastrophe. She appeared as light-hearted and happy as she always appeared. Somewhere up town she met Piantini by appointment, and had gone with him to her doom.

Her reception at home last night may be imagined, never described. No pen can paint the picture in all its living colors. Tears and remonstrances were of no avail. Mute and silent, rendered dumb by the very awfulness of the affair, they watched the writhing form of he light of that household brought in and laid upon her couch. Her groans sounded where her laughter had so lately been. There stood the awakened wife of the man who had done this awful thing. Just now she had opened her eyes to the truth, and who knows a bitterer feeling than that which comes to a woman who learns that the man she loves has died for another?

DIED FOR LOVE.

Next in succession to be seized with the fatal fever, was W. D. Cowley, a well known commercial traveller for Marrsh, Smith & Marsh.

The cause assigned for his rash self-destruction was lost love. The story goes that he was madly infatuated with a leading society belle of Marietta, who had for some reason refused to marry him He committed suicide by shooting himself the day following Cobb Jackson's death. All day Crowley circulated among his friends, and expreseed in excited and enthusiastic terms his admiraeion of Cobb Jackson, and declared just before the deed was committed that he had just left Lewis Redwine, and that if ever he saw him again he was going to advise him to follow Cobbs example that it was a brave, manly and sure way of ending all earthly troubles. While

discussing the matter several times during the day Crowley displayed a package containing a revolver and would remark, "this is the little package that will do the bloody work."

Had the town been less excited, those who heard Crowley's statement have recognized the symptoms of the raging contagion and taken steps to confine the desperate man till his mind should return to its normal condition. Late in the afternoon, Crowley went to his room, took his revolver and with the coolness and deliberation of one whose mind had been relieved of earthly fears and dreads he fired the shot that carried his soul from earth to his God for final account. His father lives at Roswell, Ga., and is one of the most influential and wealthiest men in the State. Crowley's body was carried to Roswell for interment the following day.

Another Mysterious Suicide.

Shortly after the Metropolitan double tragedy with the sensation and scandal, had ceased to be relished morsels of gossip, and for no other apparent reason than that he had become effected with the epidemic of self destruction then prevalent in Atlanta, young Aaron Raphael, a commercial traveler from Boston, took his own life in his room at the Kimball house.

He eonly laid aside a novel which he had been reading and with every evidence of perfect sanity and self possession fired the shot that within a few hours ended his life. There was never a death more completely shrouded in mystery. His relatives who came from Boston to get his body, declared that they could see no manner of account for the crime. He was in no trouble and had not been, but was prosperous, temperate and seemingly happy.



LEWIS REDWINE.

CHAPTER TWO.

History of Lewis Redwine's Fall from Grace, and the Discovery of the Defalcation.

"Defaulted and Gone."

That was the headline in the morning's paper of February the 22d that proved the warning bolt that thundered forth to herald a terrible cyclone of crime in the city of Atlanta. But the crime itself sank into utter insignificance, and was forgotten as the thousands of readers followed the story to the name of the man against whom it was alleged.

Lewis Redwine, the Assistant Cashier of the Gate City National Bank, a defaulter and a fugitive from justice!

To all those familiar with the financial and social history of Atlanta, it seemed impossible. They could hardly believe their own eyes. "Lewis Redwine defaulted and gone!" At this stage of the story the reader paused and repeated the name and crime again and again as his memory carried him back instinctively to the many brilliant social events, then to the many conferences of the city's prominent financiers, in which this young man had been a conspicuous figure, and stood out head and shoulders above any young man of his age in the State. Lewis Redwine, the toast of society, the boast of financiers and the beau of beaux—an embezzler and a fugitive!

And in these reflections there was no exaggeration of the young man's true position. Redwine had steadily ascended the social scale until he had reached its topmost pinnacle, and stood, as somebody has aptly described it, "Monarch of all he surveyed in the dazzling domain of Swelldom." He had gone from a penniless bookkeeper to an official in one of the most influential banking institutions in the South, and by virtue of his long service, perfect integrity and

marked ability, he was practically second only to the president and head of the institution. This position was not purchased with money; it was not held by virtue of stock in the bank, controlled by family and friends, nor through any outside influence, but was the price of honor, the fruit of long and faithful service, the reward of genuine merit.

Fifteen years before, Redwine, a penniless stripling, had come from Coweta county to take a place at the foot of the ladder in the Gate City National Bank. Year after year from that time he had grown steadily in the esteem and confidence of the bank's controlling officials, and had been promoted until, thirteen months ago, he was made assistant cashier and practically given control of the money of this stanch institution. He was envied by young men, courted by society's most select circle, and was pointed to with pride by the staid and conservative money kings that preside over the financial interests of the South's greatest city. He was a shining light in the Capital City Club, the most aristocratic social organization in the Gulf States. That stamped him as a "swell." But his success had not, apparently, turned his head. He was quiet and unostentatious, dressed in the height of fashion, but at all times modestly, and was as affable to the man who wore overalls as to the president of the bank. "If ever there was a true gentleman, Lewis Redwine is one," his friends all said, and everybody who knew him endorsed the sentiment.

Lewis Ledwine a defaulter!

"Surely there must be some mistake," everybody said. And yet he stands to-day charged with the wreck of one of the foremost banking institutions of the South, and responsible—the Lord only knows for how much of the ruin and desolation that has followed his act.

The story of the defalcation and its discovery, as well as the disappearance of Redwine, was an interesting one, and so strange in its details as to give rise to many rumors and stories more or less derogatory to the bank and its official heads, all of which were probably uncalled for and unwarranted. The newspaper accounts

were preceded by a card signed by L. J. Hill, President; A. W. Hill, Vice-President; and E. S. McCandless, Cashier of the Bank, saying:

"We are sorry to have to announce that Lewis Redwine, Assistant Cashier of our Bank, is a defaulter."

They went on to say that a large amount of the bank's funds had disappeared, but although the exact amount of the shortage was not known, it was not great enough to impair the bank's capital and interfere with its business.

Following this was a graphic account of the details of the affair.

President Lod Hill had just returned from Mexico, where he had been some days. While he was away the bank examiner had visited the bank and had reported the cash all right, and the favorable report which he found on his return was highly gratifying. But of course he had known it was all right, for hadn't Lewis been there to look after the cash?

This count had been made an Saturday. On Monday, President Hill returned to the city. In a casual talk with a fellow banker who had stopped him to say "howdy" after his absence, the President of the Gate City got an inkling of some right extensive checking which his bank had done on Saturday.

"Oh! that's all right," he said. "I suppose Lewis needed the ready cash for some of the bank's customers."

But somehow Mr. Hill couldn't forget the remark that had been made to him. For some reason—he couldn't possibly tell why—it worried him. And he determined to ask Redwine about it the very next day. The amount had been given him as \$25,000, and he really couldn't see how so much was necessary.

Just before closing hour on Tuesday, President Hill walked up to Redwine's desk and said:

"Lewis, come into my office a minute; I want to see you."

"All right, Mr. Hill; just a minute. I'll be there as soon as I make these entries."

The president turned and walked into his office at the rear of the bank. As he did so, Redwine, as he had done a thousand times before, stepped around the railing at the front of the bank. He had

on his office coat and was hatless. Nobody noticed him particularly. He walked slowly and unconcernedly to a saloon below the bank, called for a whiskey straight, filled the glass and drank it at a swallow.

As he did so, he looked up and saw Welbron Hill, Vice-President of the bank, and a deputy-sheriff confronting him.

"Have something, Lewis?"

"No, thank you; I've just had a drink."

"Welborn Hill took his drink and stepped out on the sidewalk. His brother had told him to keep an eye on Redwine, so he took a stand where he could, as he thought, command a view of all exits. There he waited.

As he went out, Redwine asked the bartender to lend him a hat, put it on and

CHAPTER THREE.

Disappeared.

Disappeared as literally and completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Welborn Hill got tired waiting, then went back to the saloon. Redwine wasn't there. He stepped quickly into the bank—no Redwine. Then he moved quicker than ever. The police headquarters is just at the rear of the Gate City bank building, and in a minute he was closeted with Chief Connolly.

"Catch Redwine!" was his request.

"Do you make a charge against him?"

"No, but we don't want him to get away."

Chief Wright and his detective force began work at once, but no trace of the absconding cashier could be found.

The story created the most intense excitement when *The Constitution* gave the full details the next morning. Of course, everybody had a theory—some of them being perfectly positive that Redwine was and had always been blacker than it was possible to paint him, and others being equally as positive—yes, more so—that there must be some gigantic mistake, and that it would yet be proven that Redwine was absolutely innocent.

Weird indeed were some of these stories. A popular tale with the theorists of the first class was that Redwine had, a few days before, had a tailor on a little obscure street make him a money belt. Arguing on these premises, they knew that the cashier had laid all his plans to disappear on Wednesday, that being a legal holiday, and that he had taken a vast amount of the bank's money with him. The belt story was run down and shattered, but that didn't weaken those theorists who had been talking of the vast amount of boodle

they were certain Redwine had taken. All sorts of stories of his extravagance began to come to light, and it seem as if the pessimistic theorists had decidedly the best of the argument.

But this didn't faze those who looked on the brighter side—who couldn't believe that Redwine was a thief. An overwhelming bulk of evidence was against them, but what did that matter? They knew Redwine, they couldn't believe it. All sorts of theories were advanced to show that Redwine was more sinned against than sinning. These stories involved the bank and its officials, and involved people outside the bank—all apparently without reason. Suspicion was directed against prominent young men and simply because they were known to be friends of Redwine; and there was no other reason in the world for connecting their names with the affair. The stories about the bank recalled former times of trial in the bank's history—times when money was lost through loans, I believe. And one of these stories went so far as to hint, if not to state positively, that the Gate City was embarrassed, and that Redwine had not stolen a cent, but was permitting himself to be used as tool to tide matters over for a few days until the bank's affairs could be straightened out; that the true status of the bank would soon become known and then the alleged defaulter would return, pose as a martyr, who to save his employers had assumed the role of a thief and a fugitive from justice. The absolute impossibility of such a state of affairs makes a serious treatment of such rumors absolutely unnecessary. To dignify them is to waste time.

The officials of the bank were credited with the statement that Redwine had been stealing money for many months and making false entries to cover his shortage; here in the same breath the statement was imputed to the same source, that it was impossible for him to have stolen any money before he had been appointed to his present position of trust, which position he had only held thirteen months. Of course these were only rumors, but they were as active as sparrows and found willing auditors and ready believers wherever they reached. The very atmosphere seemed impregnated with such rumors, and the excitement was soon intense beyond description.

Society had received its shock, by the alleged theft and disappearance of one of its favorite disciples; financiers were nervous over the prospects of the bank, and the effect in business and money circles; stockholders of the institution under question were down-hearted and depositors were wild with anxiety about their hard earned shekels.

Local newspaper men were in clover. Everything they could find about the case was printed and found eager readers. "Extras" were cried by newsboys on all sides.

News was carried from one end of the country to the other on the wires. It meant a harvest for the special correspondents, and they were writing it for all they were worth. The arrest of half a dozen suspects in different parts of the South only adds fuel to the fire. Here, the newspaper boys thought, was a genuine ten days' wonder. Papers everywhere would be eager for all they could get of the story for a week to come; the home papers would be full of nothing else.

Little did they think that this was but the preface—the introductory chapter, at best—of a series of sensations probably unparalleled in the history of any city in times of peace.

The latest about Redwine! Everybody wanted to know what it was. Wednesday the search was kept up, while the bank officials were hard at work trying to make order out of chaos. Late that night they sent a note to the *Constitution* office. It was a short note, but it meant a great deal.

The bank would not open next day.

That was the latest then, and it was a great surprise. The clearing house officials had made a thorough examination and said that there was no reasonable doubt of the depositors getting all their money.

But the bank would not open. That meant that the defalcation was much heavier than was at first announced, \$65,000. It meant, too, that business might be crippled and that trouble might come.

Thursday the whole city was in a fever of excitement. The bank examiner had been wired for, and the doors bore a placard announc-

ing that fact. Hundreds of depositors were standing around the bank corner. Then a meeting was called at the court house, and prominent bankers assured the depositors that their money was all right. All of this, however, only accentuated the interest.

And still nothing nothing of Redwine.

Night came. The interest was unabated. As business men closed their places of business to go to their homes, they stopped and talked about the one topic of the hour. About the hotels there were many discussions and some fights.

Seven o'clock.—“Any news of Redwine?” Telephones at the police station and in the newspaper offices were kept at a white heat repeating the question.

Eight o'clock.—“Any news of Redwine?” Still a negative.

Nine o'clock.—“What's the latest about Redwine?” Nothing.

Nine o'clock and ten minutes.—“Nothing new about——”

No! No! Not a word about Redwine. But Cobb Jackson—

CHAPTER FOUR.

Being the Story of the Tragic Suicide of Thomas Cobb Jackson.

"No, not that! It cannot be! Anything but that!"

The message that the telephone had given back was—

"Cobb Jackson has shot himself!"

The first feeling of this young man's friends when told that he had attempted—perhaps committed—self-murder, was one like the numbness that follows a stunning blow. Then came the conviction—positive, absolute—that there was some horrible mistake. Nobody who knew Cobb Jackson would have been much surprised had the message been that he had in a fit of anger or in a quarrel shot somebody; and those who had seen him that day and heard him talk would have been even less surprised had the message been that somebody else had shot him. But that he, COBB JACKSON, had *suicided*—IMPOSSIBLE!

To understand the feelings of these Doubting Thomases, a knowledge of the life and career of this young man is necessary. With such knowledge, you will perhaps think as they did—impossible!

To be a member of an old family, famed for intellect, chivalry, bravery, eminence in all walks of life is much—but it isn't everything, for scions of just such families have run to seed; to have social position, to have reached a position at one's chosen profession that makes one the envy of one's fellows, to have married a woman beautiful and brilliant, and lovely in all the term means—any of these ought to make a man supremely happy.

Yet Cobb Jackson had them all. He had his faults, what man has none? But if one man had occasion to be happy, so far as the world could tell, that man was Cobb Jackson. Then why did he?

you are asking. Aye, there's the rub, as Hamlet says: WHY!

There is no more aristocratic family in the South than the Jacksons of Georgia. At the head of the family, stands General Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, a gallant general who served with great distinction in the civil war, who was the friend and confidante of those other great soldiers whose names are indissolubly connected with the Sixties; a man who has always been eminent, who has held many positions of honor, notably the position of Minister to Mexico under the first Cleveland administration; a man of great wealth and prestige. His eldest son is Captain Harry R. Jackson, of Atlanta, a type of the true Southern gentleman, if there ever was one; a charming, brilliant, brainy man; one of the most eminent lawyers in the South, especially prominent as a corporation lawyer, and the representative of the great Richmond and Danville system; a man of wealth, whose home is the ideal home of the wealthy Southerner, where hospitality finds its true interpretation. Presiding over that home is a lady whose graces are proverbial, a brilliant, beautiful, womanly woman. Mrs. Jackson is a daughter of the South's great leader, General Thos. R. R. Cobb, whose name, like that of his brother, Howell Cobb, is a household word not only in Georgia, but through the entire South.

The son of these two—their eldest child—Cobb Jackson was given everything that heart could desire. He was given a splendid education, and when he had been admitted to the bar, was taken into partnership by his father, the firm being Jackson and Jackson. Father and son were like chums. If ever a father was proud of his boy, this father was.

A little more than a year ago, Cobb Jackson led to the matrimonial altar one of the greatest belles Southern society has known—Miss Sarah Francis Grant, the daughter of Captain W. D. Grant, Atlanta's richest man. The marriage was a great event. No two young people could have, apparently, started upon life's journey under more favorable auspices.



THOMAS COBB JACKSON.

And yet, in one short year, this man kills himself. Why was it? Everybody asked the question.

God alone knows. The secret of the thoughts that were in that young man's mind when he put a bullet in his brain, was buried with him 'neath the willows in the beautiful city of the dead, where he lies sleeping his long sleep. But everybody has a theory, a thousand different stories were told, as many more are being talked of to-day.

Was he mixed up in the Redwine defalcation, and if so, how?

It was natural that the question should be asked. The great friendship existing between the two men, the suicide coming right on the heels of the Redwine flight—all the attending circumstances seemed to warrant the assumption that the two events were correlative—that the one was the direct result of the other.

The developments of the days that followed, when history was being made for Atlanta faster than ever before, so fast as to literally take the breath away, these developments showed that the tribe of prophets was not extinct. They showed the connection—

But I'm ahead of my story. First let me tell the

STORY OF THE SUICIDE.

The story of the tragedy is soon told, and that night about 6:30 o'clock, Captain Harry Jackson went to his office in the Kiser building. He found his son lying on the sofa very gloomy in spirits. Young Jackson said nothing and seemed in no mood to talk.

Captain Jackson busied himself with some work about the office and paid little attention to his son. It is claimed that but few words passed between father and son in the interval of two hours during which they remained together in their office.

About 8:30 o'clock, Captain Jackson finished the work which occupied his attention and arousing his son, got him to get up and prepare to go home. The negro janitor telephoned for a hack and when it arrived Captain Jackson and Cobb left their office and stepped into the hack in front of the Pryor street entrance to the Kiser building.

Captain Jackson directed the hackman to drive to his home on

Capitol square on the block south of the State Capitol. It was a drive of but three blocks and was accomplished in a very short time. Not a word passed between the two during the trip. Captain Jackson was seated on the right side of the hack and during the ride homeward he sat in silent meditation. On the left side sat Cobb, strangely taciturn and quiet. He seemed deep in thought.

In front of Captain Jackson's door the hack stopped and the driver alighted and opened the door of the vehicle. Captain Jackson was on the next to the sidewalk and next to the house and he stepped out.

After reaching the sidewalk Captain Jackson did not stop, but started on a brisk walk for the gate. He took, perhaps, three steps when a strange noise attracted his attention. He wheeled about as the sound reached him. He could not explain it. To him it sounded like a muffled explosion.

As Captain Jackson turned he noticed that his son had not yet arisen from his seat in the hack.

With a single step he was beside the open door of the hack. What he saw he can never forget.

Crouched in one corner of the hack, his head dropping on his breast, his hat lying at his feet, a smoking revolver in his right hand was Tom Cobb Jackson. The odor of powder smoke pervaded the interior of the vehicle. The sound of the young man's labored breathing was all that broke the stillness.

An electric light on the corner outlined but imperfectly the tragic scene. By its glare Captain Jackson saw the thrilling picture.

In the one instant that he stood by the open door looking in upon the croaching figure of his son, Captain Jackson saw a spot of crimson blood appear upon the young man's right temple. As he looked, it grew into a stream, which found its way down the young man's cheek, dying his face a deep crimson.

A moment after Captain Jackson reached his son's side a United States soldier walked by, and, attracted by the noise, he stopped. The captain applied to him for assistance, and together the two men lifted the young Mr. Jackson from the vehicle.

As they dragged his body from the hack to the sidewalk they noticed that it hung heavily in their grasp, and dropped limp and inert. Bodily they carried the young man through the gate, up the sidewalk and into the house.

Captain Jackson did not lose his presence of mind or self-control, and his first thought was for the safety of his son.

He placed the body upon a bed and dispatched a servant for Dr. Baird, who resides two doors from his home. He then turned his attention to the dying man.

Around the bedside the young wife and other members of the family had gathered and stood waiting for something—death, the arrival of the physician, the recovery of consciousness—something.

Captain Jackson bent over the still form. The chest no longer responded to the coming and going of the breath. The face was quite till, the features composed. The heart had ceased to beat. Downs across the face the crimson stain was outlined, it alone marring the palor of the face.

Thomas Cobb Jackson had died in the arms of his father, while being carried from the hack into the house.

In five minutes the physicians came. Dr. Baird first, and then Drs. Armstrong and Hagan. They said that the shot had produced instant paralysis and almost instant death.

The bullet had entered the right temple, passed straight through the head and lodged just beneath the skin near the left ear. The effect was immediately fatal. The ball was of 38 caliber.

When lifted from his seat in the hack, young Jackson held a pistol in either hand. The one in the right hand, and the one with which the fatal work was done, was 38 caliber; the other 32. Twenty-six cartridges were found in his pocket. The pistol and the cartridges he had bought at the wholesale hardware store of Thomas M. Clarke & Co., during the afternoon.

WAS IT PREMEDITATED?

It seems so, and yet I don't believe it.

Why, then, did he kill himself?

There is no denying that Cobb was drinking that day. He devoted his day to drinking wine and denouncing in the strongest terms any one who suggested that Redwine was a thief. It was his one subject of conversation and he obtruded his views on every possible occasion. Everybody expected him to have trouble, and he probably expected it himself. Hence the pistols.

When a man has been drinking champagne all day, lies down and sleeps a couple of hours, and awakes in a semi-sober condition, he feels desperate. If there is any time a man feels like filling a suicide's grave, it is then. Cobb Jackson was in that cohdition. He had neglected important work; he was desperate. Then he shot himself.

BUT WAS THAT ALL.

It seems not. There have been other developments that add thrilling and dramatic interest to the story.



MRS. OAKS GIVES WIMBISH THE SIGNAL.

CHAPTER FIVE.

How Redwine was Captured—A Story More Sensational than Fiction Itself.

The tragic, sensational and mysterious suicide of Cobb Jackson, so closely following the Redwine defalcation and the Gate City Bank suspension, coupled with the many and varied rumors of their close association created the most intense excitement. Within a few hours the great social pool that had centered around these two conspicuous fountain-heads, had gone from a feverish simmer to a bubbling boil.

Wild with excitement, afire with curiosity and blinded with the fog of impenetrable mystery that enveloped it all, Atlanta—the centre of southern culture—threw aside all formalities, even the friendly exchange of the day's greetings were forgotten, and the surging mass of people seemed to forge forward in the desperate search for some light that would dispel the smoke of mystery and reveal the fatal explosive that had shattered society from its pedestal and rocked, to a dangerous degree the foundation stones of the financial community.

Then, as if to cap the climax of it all, came the capture of Redwine. The developments of that day will form a never-to-be-forgotten page in the history of the Queen City of the South. The *Constitution* summed up the day's developments in these words :

Yesterday was prolific of developments in the Gate City Bank case.

Lewis Redwine, the fugitive cashier, was run down and caught.

He was subjected to an examination of several hours' which was fruitless until he was left with Mr. Jack J. Spalding, when he made a full disclosure of all that had taken place.

1. He did not take the money, and has none of it in his possession.
2. It is true that \$70,000 of the bank's funds were abstracted, but in that abstraction none of the attaches of the bank are concerned, save Redwine himself.

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3. The money was passed over to outside parties who have taken it and spent it in such a way that is an irretrievable loss.

3. The names of the parties who thus robbed the bank he does not care to disclose, because no good purpose can be subserved by it now.

The story and the subsequent events were so graphically told by "Bob" Adamson, the *Constitution's* police reporter, that I have taken the liberty of using portions of his story.

Redwine was surprised in his hiding place and caught just before noon. He was found in a darkened room in Mrs. M. D. L. Oaks's boarding house, 97 Rockwell street, in the southern suburbs of the city. The arrest was made by Patrolman J. T. Wimbish, of the evening watch, while off duty and without any assistance except that afforded by his thirteen-year-old nephew. Redwine was found without the use of strategy, without the usual shrewd ruses of a detective. Luck and pluck are two elements predominating in the remarkable capture. Wimbish burst into the room where Redwine was sitting by the fire. Redwine turned and faced the officer's ugly pistol. In a twinkling the handcuffs were about his trembling wrists.

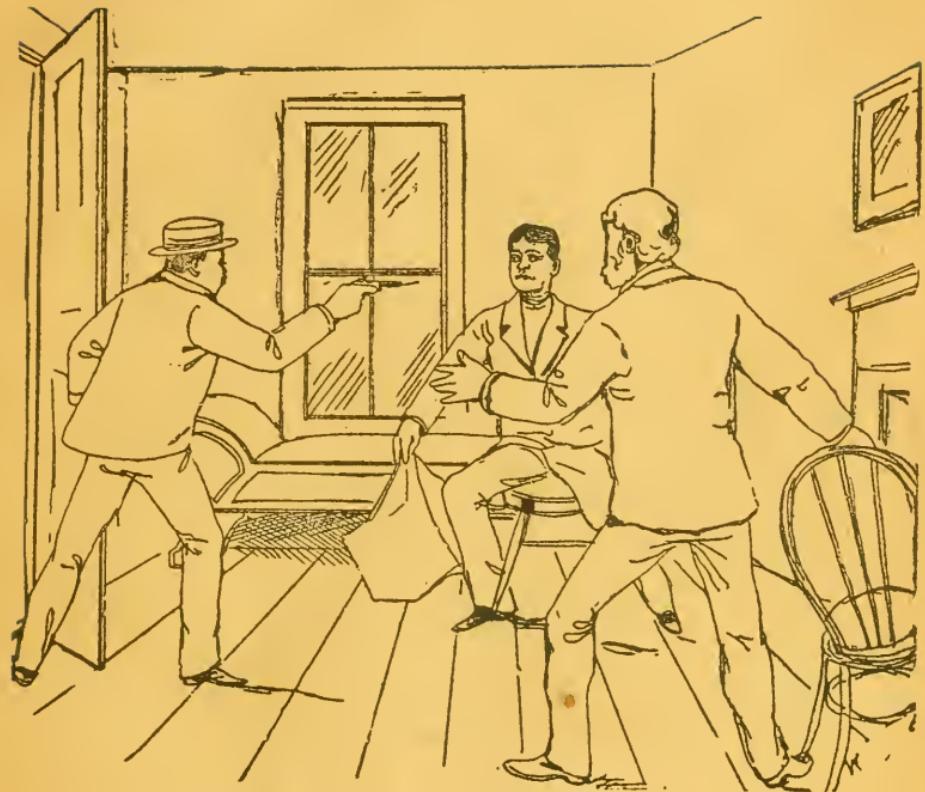
News of the capture was telephoned into the city, and was swept like a prairie fire. Before Redwine reached police headquarters a thousand and more people—some of them poor depositors in the Gate City Bank who regarded him as responsible for what seemed then their financial ruin—had gathered on the sidewalk in front of the prison.

The bank officials were waiting in the Chief's office for their defaulting cashier, and all yesterday afternoon they were closeted with him. Only \$413 were found in Redwine's pockets. He denied the shortage to the extent claimed. He was extremely reticent in talking of the affair, but told enough to convince the officers that he was not the only guilty person.

Then everybody naturally asked, "who are the guilty parties?"

And they are asking it still.

Will they ever know?



PATROLMAN WIMBISH CAPTURIFG REDWINE.

DETAILS OF THE CAPTURE.

The missing cashier was found on the extreme southern limits of the city, a quarter of a mile beyond the point where the East Tennessee road crosses McDaniel street.

The house is the abode of Marquis de Lafayette Oaks, a shoemaker, and his wife. Oaks is about fifty-five years of age, and repairs shoes in one room of his house. The income of the shoemaker is greatly strengthened by the proceeds of Mrs. Oaks' domestic industry. She takes boarders to the number of six or seven, and from this source realizes a neat sum. Her boarders are nearly all railroad men, as the house is but three minutes' walk from the East Tennessee shops. South of the house is a wide forest of tall pines, and on every side are steep bluffs, and the whole face of nature is rough, except here and there a neat new cottage. The neighborhood is very quiet.

Thursday night, Mrs. Oaks was awakened about 11 o'clock. A friend of her husband's, H. H. Black, was at the door, and told Mrs. Oaks that he had come to bring her two boards. A few days before he had promised to bring her some boarders, and he now came to fulfill his promise. He had with him a young man muffled up in a big overcoat, and over his thin face a big slouch hat was drawn down. He introduced the little man as Mr. Lester.

Mr. Lester paid Mrs. Oaks a week's board in advance, \$4, and gave her \$1 extra for a night's lodging for Black. She gave the two men the middle room, which was furnished with one bed, and a folding lounge. Redwine slept on the lounge by the window; Black occupied the bed.

"Lester" awoke late the next morning but did not leave his room. Black was up and around the house considerable, but kept a close watch on his friend.

SHE BECAME SUSPICIOUS.

"Lester" asked that breakfast be brought in to him, and Mrs. Oaks' curiosity was aroused, and she was desirous of knowing all about the boarder who was grand enough to order meals to be car-

ried to his room. While "Lester" was eating his morning meal she remained in the room talking, and regarding him critically.

"There's something wrong about that young man," she told her husband, with a wise shake of the head, "he don't act right."

She watched the room closely. She noticed that the boarder had the blinds drawn down. She entered the room frequently on trivial pretexts. She found that her new boader was drinking heavily. Once, while talking with him, he told her that he heard some one in the front room. He only wanted her to leave the room.

"Lester called Mr. Oaks into the room and asked him to get a *Constitution* for him. He gave Oaks the money, and the shoemaker came into the city and bought a paper at the *Constitution* office, which he read eagerly.

The story he read was that which told of the tragic death of his friend, Tom Cobb Jackson. He was moved—deeply moved. And he showed it. Could he have thought himself in any way responsible for the shutting out of that brilliant life? Did anybody else believe him responsible? A little note, written on a coffin, by a despairing, heart-broken man, would, perhaps, could it be reproduced here, give some idea of what was passing in that young man's mind as he read.

The conviction became firmly fixed in Mrs. Oaks' mind that "Lester" was Redwine, and she watched him to make sure. She had known his father in her youth, and lived near him, and he had been her family physician. She noted a strong resemblance between "Lester" and her early physician.

Mrs. Oaks announced her conviction of "Lester's" identity to her husband, and he started to the city to inform Detective Bedford of it. While he was gone, Mrs. Oaks became nervous, and decided to rush matters through. She hurriedly left home, went to the home of patrolman Wimbish near by, and informed him of her suspicions.

The officer was incredulous at first; but finally became interested, as he noted the earnestness of the woman. He sent her back to see if the coast was clear. He instructed her to make a given signal if things were all right.

He waited on the outside. With him was his thirteen-year-old nephew, Israel Brown. The officer was excited, believing that he was about to face a desperate man.

He had but a few minutes to wait. Mrs. Oaks appeared on the porch and waved to him to come on. With heart beating fast, he walked up to the side of the door and climbed the steep steps.

The woman pointed to the middle door.

"In there," she said, in a whisper.

Not another word was spoken. Wimbish held his revolver in his hand behind him.

He pushed the door open.

A young man with dishevelled hair and wild eyes, haggard face and wretched appearance generally, stood up as he entered.

The man trembled. He was shaking like an aspen. His lips moved narticulately. A rough looking man sitting beside him slowly arose. Wimbish's right hand shot out before him, grasping a gleaming revolver.

"Throw up your hands," he commanded.

The terrified young man made no move to obey. He only stood there trembling.

"Who are you?" he asked. He seemed about to drop to the floor through sheer fright.

"I am an officer, and you are my prisoner," said Wimbish.

With a single stride he was beside the trembling fugitive. He caught him by the arms. He was as helpless as a babe. Wimbish drew his hands together. Young Israel Brown stepped in and grasped the man's arms. He held a pair of bright handcuffs. There was a "click, click" and the young man was bound.

Wimbish started for the door, dragging his prisoner after him. It was pitiful to see him as he shrank back, and shook and trembled. He kept asking in a broken voice what he was wanted for and what was the meaning of his arrest. He declared that his name was "Lester."

"You are Redwine," said Wimbish, and he started with his prisoner to a store near by.

"There's no use denying it," said he; "that's my name. How did you know? Who gave me away?"

"Why didn't you escape?" said the officer.

"How could I?" asked the wretched man; "I tried to. There was no way. I couldn't get out of town. I watched for an opportunity, but to move was to be caught."

At the store, police headquarters was telephoned.

"Send the wagon to Gartrell's store on McDaniel street. Redwine has been caught," said Mr. Gartrell over the 'phone.

"Ah, rats," said the man at police headquarters; "give us something new."

A half dozen times the message had to be repeated; even then the wagon was tardy in coming.

Officer Wimbish had a long wait at the store. While there waiting, Redwine sat silent and downcast, his hands locked together. After a few minutes, he called to the officer.

"Go back with me to the house," he said; "I have a valuable package over there that I want to get."

The officer was suspicious, but calling to his assistance two men, he went back to the house. Just before reaching the house Redwine stopped and called the officer aside.

"I have no package there;" said he. "I just wanted to get you away so that I could make you an offer. I will give you \$1,500 to turn me loose. You can tell them that I was the wrong man. Oh, won't you do it?"

And his tone was full of sadness, while his attitude was one of piteous pleading.

It was pathetic in its wretchedness and misery. For answer Wimbish jerked him around and said, "Come with me." The patrol wagon was a long time in reaching the scene, so the officers put Redwine into a hack. Chief Connolly and Captain Wright had arrived, and with Wimbish took charge of the prisoner. Then on through a channel of staring people the trip to the station house was made.

A big crowd was in front and several officers were required to make way through it for the prisoner and officers to pass. Redwine stepped out of the hack after Chief Connolly and Captain Wright. His eyes were bent upon the ground. He walked with nervous step across the sidewalk and into the front entrance of the station. He trembled like a leaf. He was afraid of that crowd; was afraid they would do him bodily harm.

Between the two officers he ascended the stairs. He did not speak. He moved along with shuffling tread, his face still downcast.

Inside Chief Connolly's office were President A. W. Hill and Mr. J. J. Spalding, who had been detained to represent the depositors. Redwine walked in among these gentlemen, whom he knew well, in a manner that plainly showed his shame. His air was dogged. There was something of defiance even in his bearing.

"How d'y'e, Mr. Hill," said he, bowing to Mr. Lod Hill.

He bowed to the other gentlemen in the room, quickly glancing at their faces, and then as quickly turned away and looked around the office, and seating himself sat looking at them as if they possessed some sort of fascination for him.

A strange sort of embarrassment seemed to possess the gentlemen in Chief Connolly's office. There was a deep silence while Chief Connolly had Redwine to stand up and submit to being searched.

While the officer was going through his pockets, the young man stood mechanically, as if he was resigned to submit to anything. In his right vest pocket a roll of greenbacks was found. It contained \$413. A small pocket knife was about the only other article found in his possession.

After being searched Redwine took his seat slightly apart from the gentlemen and waited for what was to follow.

"Lewis," said Mr. Lod Hill, "what did you do with the money you took from the bank?"

"That is all the money I have and, Mr. Hill, it is mine and I took no money from the bank."



REDWINE'S ENTRY INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

In a long interview that followed, Redwine firmly denied having taken the money. He acknowledged that he knew where \$23,000 had gone, but further than that, he knew nothing about the missing money.

During the conference Redwine walked about the room, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, the picture of wretchedness and despair. He wore no collar or cuffs. The waistcoat was thrown open, revealing a vast expanse of shirt front. His haggard unshaven face reflected the misery he was experiencing. Harassed and beset by questions, he seemed on the verge of insanity.

After being exhaustively interrogated about the shortage at the bank, the officers turned their attention to trying to find out where he had spent the first night after he had left the bank.

Although Redwine professes ignorance as to where he went, his first hiding place did not long remain a mystery. He said he did not know where he was hidden during the first two days, but he told the officers something that enlightened them on this point.

"I was arrested on Wednesday night by Horace Owens," said he. Owens kept me, waiting for a big reward. He had me guarded and I am unable to say where we were. Owens had a man hired to guard me. That man was Black, and he carried me to the house on Rockwell street last night.

After hearing this story, Chief Connolly instructed Captain Manley to have both Owens and Black arrested.

Owens stoutly declared that he had received no money from Redwine, but admitted that Redwine had been seen by several of his former associates and friends. These friends were in constant communication with the defaulter and were directing his movements. Owens refuses to reveal the names of the friends of Redwine who had called on him, saying he would die first.

"I was holding Redwine while his friends were making up his shortage. I did not want to see him suffer. I did not want to run him out of town. I was acting for Redwine's friends. I wanted to keep him from suicide. I will swear that I did not receive a cent of money for what I did."

But an entirely different phase of this feature of the case, developed later—a phase which deserves a chapter by itself, which it shall have later on.

Mrs. Cora Howard, at whose house it developed Redwine stayed the first night after he left the bank, was arrested. This woman's home has been a "household"—if the expression be justified—among the "half world" of Atlanta for years and the place she now keeps is said to be an assignation house and, I believe is owned by Horace Owens. She said Redwine came direct from her house from the bank. He told her that he was short in his account with the bank, but that it would be made good. She also stated that he had sent for Mr. Dan Rountree, a young attorney who belongs to Redwine's set, and that Rountree had spent some time with him. She did not know the nature of their conversation.

The police felt certain that Cora was telling the truth. They asked her about the search that was made of her house, for it shows that the police had suspected that Redwine had gone there and had made a search of the house. And, by the way, a funny story is told in this connection.

The scene was the Capital City Club. At the telephone was a young man of Redwine's set; at the other end of the telephone—so he said—was Chief Connolly.

"Have you searched Cora Howard's yet?" the young man asked. The answer is not known.

"Well, I'd advise you to do it," and then came the call to Central "Ring off 1035!"

Was the young man giving the Chief a pointer? Or was his friendliness in the matter feigned, and did he know that it was a good time for the search to be made—a good time from a Redwine point of view.

If the latter, it is probably well for that particular young man that his father did not know of his act.

But I am digressing. You want to know about that search. It was made by Captain Thompson and some of his men and was thorough and complete, except one little closet. There may be a



REDWINE REFUSES EO TELL.



story in how they overlooked that closet. Was it mere oversight or did Cora throw them off the track? I have heard a story which is to the effect that the gallantry of the officers restrained them from throwing open that closet door, they being assured of the presence behind that door of a fair young personage to whom discovery would be very embarrassing. The name of that fair, but frail fairy was not whispered to the gallant Captain, but if it had been he might have heard—

“Redwine!”

And he might not. At any rate, Lewis was behind that door.

After Cora had told her story she was released. But Horace Owens and H. H. Black are held. The latter, by the way, is a blacksmith, well-known in Atlanta. He is held simply on the belief that he could tell an interesting story about Redwine's capture by Owens and whether or not that capture was simply in the hope of a reward as Owens claimed.

To return to the police station:

REDWINE'S FATHER CALLS.

During the afternoon Dr. C. L. Redwine, a tall handsome old gentleman, with a military bearing and the air of an aristocrat, the father of the defaulting cashier called, but the young man positively refused to see him.

Dr. Redwine remained at the door, and finally seeing that he was not to be admitted, became angry, and declared that it was his right to be allowed inside to protect the interests of his son.

“My boy has stole nothing,” he said. “It is impossible that he took the money. He has probably overdrawn his accounts to a small extent, but steal—never! He has been in the bank for fifteen years and he has always been perfectly honest. He has been trusted by everybody. He did the work of two men. The Hills learned that he was short to a small extent, and as their bank is shaky, they seized upon my boy as a scapegoat to cover up its weakness. I do not intend they shall do it. I am going to stand by him and see that he gets justice.”

The doctor was mad. He probably wouldn't have said all of that if he had not have been.

When finally told that his son refused to see him, Dr. Redwine said :

"He feels mortified, and does not want me to see him in this condition. To-morrow he will be all right. If I cannot see him I will send him an attorney and see that his interests are protected."

Dr. Redwine sent for Colonel N. J. Hammond, who has been a life-long friend, and sent him to his son. Colonel Hammond remained in the Chief's office but a few minutes.

HE TELLS HIS STORY.

Mr. Jack Spalding, acting attorney for the bank, held a private conference with the young man and heard the wonderful confession, making a clear breast of the disposition made of the \$20,000.

According to the very remarkable story which he laid before the attorney, he had not enjoyed one cent of the missing money. He had merely been used as catspaw. By whom he had been made a tool of could not be learned, and probably never will be known. Redwine himself will not tell. In the trial to-day he will hardly make a defense.

If Redwine's story is true he is suffering in silence for the crimes of others. He will continue to suffer without opening his mouth. The story he told to Mr. Spalding, he would not repeat to any one else.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

About 8 o'clock a negro bearing a huge bouquet, called at Chief Connelly's office and asked for Redwine. The bouquet was a marvel of beauty and sweetness. It was made of the very loveliest hyacinths, delicate roses and other magnificent flowers, artistically arranged together. There was no card, and the boy refused to say who had sent them. Redwine received the flowers with a sickly effort at a smile, and held them to his nose, inhaling their fragrance. He looked from the flowers with a shame-faced expression. They

seemed to recall the past, and what he was, and the contrast was too great. There was no card and Redwine asked for none. He doubtless knew the sender well enough.

This bouquet, by the way, has given rise to an unwarranted degree of gossip. It would doubtless suit my story best if I could give some of the most sensational bits of scandal that I have heard in connection with that simple gift, but my conscience won't permit. I know who sent it and it was not sent by a married woman. The girl who sent it—she is a young girl, charming, beautiful, and innocent—give the flowers in the hope that they might in some degree solace his weary hours as flowers he had sent her during an illness had made brighter the hours that hung heavy on her hands.

Not much of a sensation in that, but a very pretty story to break the monotony of sensations of this horrible week.

Was Redwine Held for Ransome?

There seems to be no limit to the sensational developments in the Redwine-Gate City Bank case, although it is impossible to verify many of the rumors upon which they are founded. The latest was brought out in the trial, in the United States Court, of Horace Owens and H. H. Black, who claim they arrested Redwine at the house of Cora Howard, on the first night after he skipped, and held him a secret prisoner for two days.

Owens, who was the principal in this mysterious conduct, claims that he was acting for Redwine's friends in holding him, who were endeavoring to fix matters up, or make good the shortage. Redwine, on the other hand, declares that Owens was holding him for ransom, and demanded \$10,000 for his release.

The court trial of Owens and Black, the former being bound over and remanded to jail on the failure to make a \$5,000 bond, and the latter going the same way in default of a \$1,000 bond, was extremely sensational, and presented several new features to the case.

Whether true or not true, they are interesting, and are a part of the sworn records of the case.

In the course of the trial, some sensational evidence developed, which would, if established, criminate no less than ten well-known men and place them in the same position in the eyes of the law that is occupied jointly by Owens and Black.

All of this hinges on a statement alleged to have been made by Horace Owens to Detective Looney, and repeated under oath by the detective; and which the detective claims was not made under compulsion, but was entirely voluntary, and was accepted as competent evidence in the trial court.

The story told by Owens to Looney discloses a most sensational state of affairs, a proposition which might have been called absurd had not there been so many mysterious things about the defalcation, flight and arrest of the assistant cashier. In fact, without the certainly very dark surroundings, the tale might easily have been regarded in the light of the ridiculous.

The whole affair of Redwine's absconding was a matter of premeditation, preparation and detailed arrangement, and was thoroughly discussed at a special meeting of Redwine's friends, eleven in number, the Sunday before the Tuesday upon which he absconded.

That is what Detective Looney swore that Owens voluntarily told him, the conversation having taken place before the conference between Owens, Chief Connolly and the bank officials.

At this meeting of Redwine's friends, at which Owens said he was present, it was further agreed that Redwine should be put under the tender mercies of Owens and taken some twenty miles out into the country, and there safely hidden until a favorable moment presented itself for a more complete disappearance.

Of all those who were present at the Sunday afternoon meeting, plotting the wrecking of the Gate City Bank, Owens refused to divulge the name of a single person except one, and that one is dead —Tom Cobb Jackson. Of the others, he says that several of them are worth from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars. Al-

this only adds interest to the affair, and every effort will be made by the government to ascertain the truth of Owens' statement, and if there was any such meeting, the men that were present will be brought to task for the part they played in attempting to aid Lewis Redwine in his defalcation. To Chief Connolly, Owens stated without any compulsion or intimidation whatever, that if he told all he knew there would be two more suicides before night. All the conversations between Owens and the officers occurred in the Chief's office.

The place of meeting between the friends of Redwine and Owens is not known, but the supposition is that it occurred in one of the houses in which Redwine passed part of his time. Where it did occur, however, Owens refused most positively to state under any circumstances.

SOME RICH, RACY TESTIMONY.

Cora Howard was a witness.

"I know Lewis Redwine well," said she, "and he was at my house last week, having come on the 21st of February at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. He remained in my house Tuesday night, all day Wednesday, and until late Wednesday night. Mr. Owens came to my house on Wednesday night and asked me if I knew Redwine, and I told him that I did. This was about 8 o'clock, and he left, but not until I told him that Redwine was there. The officers searched the house, but failed to find him. It was after the search that I told Owens where Redwine was. Mr. Owens came back later in the night and took Lewis away, saying there was big money in him."

"I saw Owens the next day, and he said he had come after a pistol which had been left in the house by Redwine, and that he wanted to give it all up together. He further said that it was a half hour's walk to where Redwine was. Mr. Owens owns the house in which I live, but on neither occasion did he come to collect rent."

"I didn't see any papers that Redwine might have had," she said on being questioned, "nor did I see any package. Yes, Redwine had

had ample opportunity to make way with any papers he might have had, or to have given them to his friends. A gentleman called about 5 o'clock and stayed some thirty minutes. Later in the evening a lady friend of Redwine's went into the room where he was and stayed with him until 1 o'clock the next day, Wednesday." She testified that she did not disturb Redwine and his lady friend.

"I knew that Mr. Owens used to be a detective," said the witness, "and only gave Redwine up because I thought that I couldn't keep him hid any longer. I would have kept him in hiding if possible, and gave him up to Mr. Owens because I know him."

She testified also that two lady friends called on Redwine while at her house, and that one remained from Tuesday night till Wednesday at 3 o'clock.

One of these women was a Mrs. Hammond, whose career in Atlanta has been notorious. Exceedingly handsome, she seems to have been exceedingly bad, if the tales told on her in the courts, are true. She has a handsomely fitted up house in the suburb, called Bellwood. She was with Redwine that night, and there are good reasons to believe it wasn't the first time, but, of course, matters of that kind are hard to prove. And somebody paid for the furnishing of that house.

BLACK'S TESTIMONY.

H. H. Black, being sworn, said: "Mr. Owens called on me and asked me to come with him, as I could make some money. I thought from the card he showed me that he was a detective, and that what I was going to do was for the good of my country. We got Redwine Wednesday night, and on Thursday night we took him to Oaks', where we secured board for him, Redwine paying for his own board. I was sitting with Redwine by the fireplace at Oaks' the morning after, when he was arrested. The officer came in suddenly and shoved a pistol over my shoulder, pointing it at Redwine, telling him to hold up his hands. Redwine tried to do so, but from sheer weakness, was unable to keep them held up. I also held mine up."

On cross-examination, it was brought out that Redwine desired to be called Jack Lester, and that he jumped every time Owens called him Lewis, begging Owens to call him Jack. He stated that he had been promised from three to four dollars a day more than he was getting by Owens. He had heard a scuffle when Owens got Redwine out of Cora Howard's house, and heard Owens say: "I've got you now."

CHIEF CONNOLLY SWORN NEXT.

Chief of Police Connolly testified after Black.

"I know Horace Owens," said Chief Connolly, "and I have known him for some time. I don't know him as a detective, however, and so far as I know, as a detective, he is not authorized to make arrests.

"I was present at the conference of the officers of the bank and Owens, and I heard Owens say he did not regret what he did, and that he would cut his throat first, making the motion with his hand, before he would tell any names. He exonerated Black, and in my presence said to Black: 'I will see that you get your money. He also said that he didn't want the bank's money, but that he wanted to be well paid.'"

Being cross-examined, Chief Connolly said:

"Owens told me that he thought he knew where \$40,000 of the money was, and that there was eleven men in it. He said further, that if he was to tell all he knew about the matter, there would be two more suicides before night. Owens thought that he had prevented Redwine from committing suicide by taking the pistol away from him."

DETECTIVE LOONEY'S EVIDENCE SENSATIONAL.

Detective Looney was introduced by the government and disclosed a most peculiar state of affairs.

"Owens stated to me," said Detective Looney, "in a conversation before he spoke to the officers of the bank and the Chief, that he had been in charge of Redwine since he left the bank, and that he had had a conference with Redwine's friends."

"This conference, so Owens told me, occurred on the Sunday before the Tuesday upon which Redwine absconded. He said that plans had already been laid to take Redwine out into the country about twenty miles, to a place where it had been arranged to keep him until other and more complete arrangements could be made. He also said that at the meeting on Sunday there were eleven persons present."

"My recollection is," said the detective, "that his expression was, that he had feathered his nest, and that it would be \$25,000 to him. He also said that if anybody had offered him \$50,000 that morning to turn Redwine over to the officers he would not have done it."

On cross-examination, Detective Looney said:

"Cason, one of my conferers, asked Owens who was present at the conference on Sunday. Owens' reply was that he would mention Tom Cobb Jackson, but that he wouldn't mention the name of any man that was living. He also said that some of the men who were present at the meeting on Sunday were worth between one and two hundred thousand dollars. He stated that that was when he first saw Redwine."



MISS JULIE FORCE,

CHAPTER SIX.

A Sister's Crime--Almost Unparalleled in the History of the Human Race.

THE SISTER'S DOUBLE CRIME.

The news of Redwine's capture spread as rapidly as electricity and other methods of communication could carry it, and within a few hours, coming as it did so close to the other thrilling and unusual events that had just transpired, the mercury bead of public excitement was surging restlessly at the top of the register. Atlanta was wild. No other word would express the condition of affairs. The people were wrought up to a point that even the terrible tragedy of the day before had not put them. More intense—more terrible, did the excitement grow with each passing minute. The rumors that flew thick and fast seemed to spare nobody. The defalcation, the suicide, the capture—what was the relationship of these events?

But the end was not yet.

Just as excitement over the Redwine capture had reached its highest point, and within six hours from the time the capture was made, Atlanta had another tragedy more sensational, if possible and more shocking from many standpoints than any that had preceeded it. It was inhuman in its conception, horrible in its contemplation and terrible in its execution.

Miss Julia Force a member of an aristocratic and well-known family, a pious woman and great church worker, had coolly with her own hands murdered her two young lady sisters! She had fired the bullets through brain and had calmly watched the life blood—the same that coursed through her veins—ebb away, to mark with crimson stain the history of one of the most diabolical deeds in all the history of crime. Then after watching the last breath leave the

bodies of her victims, with a steady and deliberate step she made her way to police headquarters and surrendered herself, giving as she did so the first intimation of the terrible crime.

No pen or picture will ever do justice to the state of public mind in Atlanta that day. People wandered aimlessly, half-dazed, and half-mad, as if in the midst of some terrible and frightful dream. What was coming next? Was the whole city mad? Had an epidemic of insanity broke out, or was the angel of death wreaking a terrible vengeance on a people as in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah of old. These and similar thoughts were running through the minds of the people. The excitement was not confined to any particular circle or class, but one and all shared the sensations.

DETAILS OF THE CRIME.

Nothing could have been more dramatic than the scene in the office of the Chief of Police Connolly that Saturday when a lady of refinement, education and evidently of superior intellect stepped in and, as calmly as if telling of a lost purse or some trivial misdeed of a servant, remarked that she had committed a terrible crime. Captain Wright, Chief Detective and Assistant Chief of Police, was in the office, it being Chief Connolly's dinner hour.

"May I see Captain Connolly?" asked the lady whom Captain Wright had politely greeted. Captain Wright replied that he had gone to dinner and would not be back before 4 o'clock.

"But I would like to see him before that time. It is about a very urgent matter. Will you please telephone him and say that I want to talk to him about something exceedingly important!"

The lady spoke in an ordinary tone of voice and betrayed not the slightest excitement or nervousness. Chief Wright suspected nothing from the lady's words or manner, and thinking that she had a matter of police business to report to the Chief he telephoned that official at his residence. Chief Connolly replied that he could not see her before 3 o'clock, as he had not eaten his dinner.

When told that she could not see Chief Connolly, the lady requested to see Captain Wright privately. Accompanied by Detective

Cason the Captain carried the lady to his office on the third floor of the building.

There the strange lady sat down very quietly and said in a very ordinary way:

"I have committed a crime and I have come to give myself up. I want to be made a prisoner, and want you to protect me."

Captain Wright was astonished, amazed, at what he heard. He looked at the lady to see if there were not traces of insanity on her face, but a look convinced him. Her face was calm as his own, and her eyes were firm in their gaze. There was nothing of the maniac in her look or general appearance.

"What have you done?" he asked incredulously.

"I cannot tell you," said she. "I have committed a crime, and that is enough. I want you to hold me, and allow no one to harm me. I will tell you at 2 o'clock what I have done."

No amount of questioning could wring the secret from the woman. She was determined. Her coolness belied her words. Captain Wright argued that she could have done no very great crime without exciting her more than that. While he was talking with her some one rapped on the door. She sprang up-betraying nervousness for the first time. "Don't let any one in," she begged.

Captain Wright left his prisoner in the custody of Detective Cason and went down stairs, determined to find out if any crime had been reported. He felt sure now that the lady had done something. She had refused to give her name, and he had no way of finding it out if her story was true.

Just as he reached the station house keeper's office, a messenger came running in in an excited manner. Running up to Captain Wright, he said:

"Captain Wright, Policeman Beavers said for you and Captain Manley to go to 44 Crew street for God's sake. A crazy woman has shot her two sisters, and has got away. They want you to catch her."

That was the story that the mysterious visitor was concealing.

In a few minutes it was all known. Miss Julia Force had deliberately and with a maniac's coolness and cunning contrived to get her two sisters alone in the house with herself, and then had murdered them in cold blood.

STORY OF THE CRIME.

Miss Julia Force, who did the killing, is the eldest sister of G. H. & A. W. Force, the proprietors of the shoe store on Whitehall street

She is about forty-five years old, and is a fine specimen of physical womanhood. She is not beautiful, but has a magnificent physique.

Since they came here some years ago, Miss Julia Force has made her home with her two brothers. She received every attention that brotherly love could prompt. She has always been regarded as peculiar. She was willful, and would become melancholy and wretched for days over some fancied slight. She was of an extremely jealous nature, and it was a favorite delusion of hers that her mother and two younger sisters, Misses Minnie and Florence were her enemies, and were continually plotting to make her unhappy.

Of recent years the family has lived at 44 Crew street, on the corner of Woodward avenue. The eldest of the two brothers, Mr. A. W. Force, has been married for twenty-two years, but lost his wife two months ago. He has two sons about grown. Mr. George Force has never married, although he is past middle age. He has devoted his time to the care of his widowed mother and his fatherless sisters, and the tenderness and brotherly devotion which he has shown is characteristic of a model brother.

The only shadow that hovered over the large home was that thrown by the peculiar delusion of the elder sister, which was as unfounded as it was unreasonable. Nothing would convince her that she was wrong. On all other subjects she was perfectly reasonable. But her mad idea that her own mother and sisters were against her poisoned all her life, and made her morose, discontented and sour. It grew upon her to such an extent that she became insulting in her manner towards them.

Six years ago Miss Julia conceived the notion of becoming a trained nurse, and devoting her whole life to works of charity. This notion was discouraged by her family, but the opposition offered by her relatives only made her the more determined.

She declared her intention of withdrawing from the world and consecrating her life to good works and the relief of suffering humanity. Her brothers, sisters and mother strongly opposed her entering such a life, but in the face of their opposition, she went to Peekskill

N. Y., where she entered St. Mary's Sisterhood, an Episcopcal training school for hospital nurses.

Before going she made arrangements to go to Anniston, Ala., and take charge of a charitable hospital, which was to be established there by Samuel Noble, the wealthy iron manufacturer of that city, but his death prevented the consummation of that plan. She remained at the sisterhood, however, not relinquishing her firm purpose of leading a life of devotion to the cause of charity. In her earlier years she had been a devoted churchwoman, and had taught a Sunday school class in this city. Her early piety didn't desert her after going to Peekskill, and she still retained her devout practices.

During the six years of her stay in Peekskill, her family made efforts to get her to leave and return home, but she was deaf to their entreaties. She was loyal to the one great idea that it was her mission in life to help others, and to relieve the suffering. There was something sublime about the unfaltering faith and devotion she manifested, and in time they came to respect her unswerving loyalty.

Last November Mrs. A. W. Force was taken seriously ill. The physicians told her husband and family that her illness was fatal and that she would die. Miss Julia had been very strongly devoted to her sister-in-law, and now her brothers found an opportunity to induce her to come home, which they had so long tried to do.

They wrote to her to come to the bedside of her brother's wife and nurse her back to life. Where a hundred other appeals had been fruitless this one availed. Nothing else would have moved her. They told her that she could find at home a field for action, and the thought that she could give aid to one she loved was very gratifying to her.

It was thought by her family that her former peculiarities had disappeared, and they looked forward to her return with fond anticipations. She came home about the first of last December. At first she was busily engaged nursing her sick sister-in-law, and the untiring watchfulness she showed softened the hearts of her family toward her, and she was treated with more than ordinary kindness. In time Mrs. Force died and was laid to rest.

In a very few days after her return from Peekskill it was noticed that Miss Julia had not forgotten her old foolish idea, and it became plain that she now entertained it with more bitterness than ever. It was thought remarkable, indeed, that she should cherish for six years in absence her foolish idea regarding her mother and sisters.

About a fortnight after her return home, Miss Julia showed how strong was her hatred for her mother and sisters by refusing to take her meals with them. She invariably had her meals sent to her room, or if not that, she would eat after the other members of the family had dined. She rarely spoke to her mother and sisters.

She lived apart from the other members of the family, nursing her imaginary wrongs. She acted without consulting the judgment of any one. If she happened to speak to her mother or sisters it would be in an insulting tone.

Matters came near reaching a climax a month ago. One day she entered her mother's room and became furiously angry on account of some fancied slight that her mother had put upon her by showing her younger sisters greater consideration than herself. In her fury, she hurled her aged and feeble mother against a table, hurting her considerably. Mrs. Force was greatly mortified at her daughter's conduct, and reported it to her sons. After waiting for two days Mr. George Force went to his sister and reproved her for acting in the manner that she had.

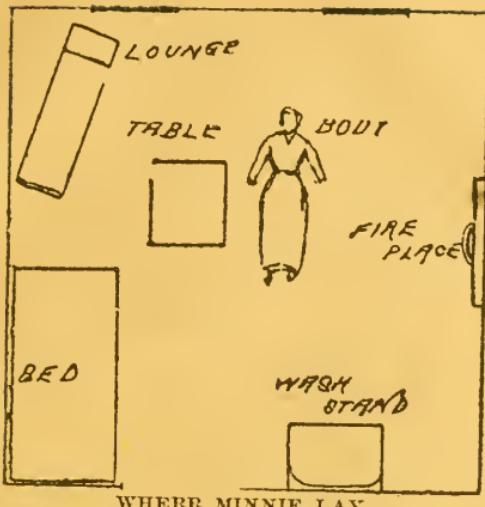
"Arn't you ashamed of treating your mother in such a way, Julia?" he said.

"No," she said defiantly; "I would not care if I had killed her."

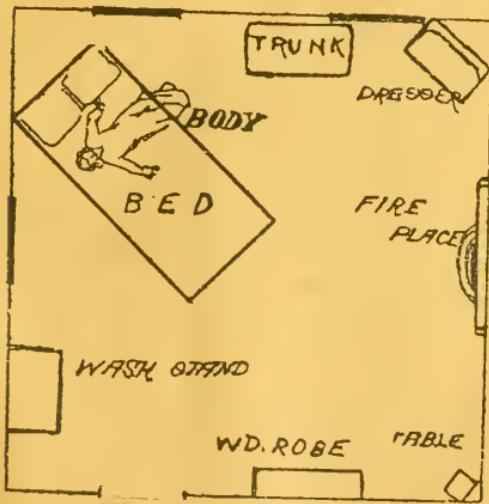
Her tone was bitter in the extreme, and she said no more.

Her treatment of her younger sisters was about as hostile on account of her imaginary wrongs. Although she was exceedingly bitter toward them they did not fear her in the least, and had no idea that her hostility would take the form of violence.

Saturday morning the Forces ate breakfast together as usual. Miss Julia was the only missing member of the household. Her absence was not unusual, and was not commented upon. Miss Minnie,



WHERR MINNIE LAY.



WHERE FLORENCE LAY.



a remarkably fine looking young woman of twenty-eight, sat at the table with her two brothers, her mother and her two nephews.

Not a shadow rested upon the household, except the one they had become resigned to, and they were happy. In a room directly over the dining room, Miss Florence, a delicate woman of thirty-three, who has been an invalid for six months, took her meal. Miss Minnie sat on the edge of her bed and chatted gayly with her while she ate sparingly of the tempting repast. The contrast between the two sisters was great. The younger was robust, healthy and full of life; the elder pale, delicate and weak.

The yellow face of the invalid lighted up as her strong sister talked so cheerfully and hopefully to her. It cheered her inexpressibly to see her sister bustling about with so much spirit; and when the young sister went out of the sick-room, the invalid followed her with her eyes in which was an expression of the deepest love.

At the usual hour the two brothers left their home and went to their place of business on Whitehall street.

The day wore away, and just after noon, Millie Pickard, a young negro girl employed at the Force's as cook, came to the store and told Mr. A. W. Force that Miss Julia said for him to come home at once.

The message was an unusual one, and aroused his suspicions. He intuitively guessed that something had gone wrong, and calling his brother, made known his surmise. He asked his brother to go home with him, and they would see what had happened.

The two brothers hurried home together, reaching there about fifteen minutes before 1 o'clock. They entered the front door quickly and stepped into the hall. There was a strange stillness about the house.

The two brothers were excited and stopped in the hallway, breathless. They waited for some sound. They heard none.

The quiet of the grave reigned. No one was stirring. It was strange—remarkably strange. What could have happened.

They stood in the hallway but a moment. They caught sight of a

young man on the top landing of the stairway, and Mr. Force recognized him as his son who had just come in.

The two brothers ran up the stairway together, now firmly convinced that something terrible had happened.

At the top of the stairway they heard groans. They came from Miss Florenee's room, on the right of the hallway. Young Mr. Force ran to the door. It was locked. From within came the sound of some one moaning in pain. Horrified, the two brothers wrenched at the door knob. The maddening thought of their invalid sister dying alone came to them, and by means of sheer strength they forced the door in.

Before the door, in the broad glare of an open window, stood the bed on which their invalid sister had lain for months. The bed stood there now, undisturbed, and on it its invalid occupant.

Lying across the bed, her feet resting upon the floor, her head lying in a pool of blood, was Miss Florence Force. She was gasping. Low moans escaped her. Her slender fingers were tightly clenched together and were moving convulsively.

Over her white gown were spots of crimson, freshly made. The picture was horrible, revolting, sickening. Upon the snow-white sheets were bloodstains, but just beneath the young lady's head was a deep pool of blood. Brains had oozed out of the wound, adding to the horror of the spectacle.

Overcome with horror, the two brothers ran out of the room and down the stairway. Their only thought was to save their sister.

The whole truth flashed across their minds in a moment. Their sister Julia had killed Florence. At the foot of the stairway stood the cook. Excitedly they asked her where their mother and Miss Minnie was. She told them they were both out.

"Thank God," exclaimed one of them, "they are safe then."

To make sure they tried the door to their mother's room. It was locked, and this fact confirmed their belief that she was away from home. She always locked the door when she went out.

But to make quite sure one of them tried to open the door. No key could be found, and Mr. George Force ran into the dining room

to search for one. Mr. Albert Force ran back to the rear of the house and securing a ladder, placed it beneath the window of his mother's room, and in a marvelously short time mounted it.

When he reached the top, he bent forward and looked into the room. The whole interior of the room was before him. At a glance he took in the horrible situation.

Stretched at full length upon the floor, her head toward the window, her features set in the rigidity of death, was his youngest sister. Almost fainting from horror, he grasped the ladder for support. Just at that instant his brother burst into the room through the door which he had forced open, and stood horror stricken, his hands thrown up.

Running out the two brothers started for a physician. They went in opposite directions. Two blocks away Mr. A. W. Force met Dr. T. S. Powell. He excitedly asked him to drive to his home, and they hurried as fast as they could go.

Dr. Powell hastened to the side of Miss Florence. She was still breathing faintly. Blood was gushing from her nostrils and from the pistol wound in her head. She was past all hope. The physician merely wiped the blood from the dying young woman's face. In a few minutes she was dead.

The shock of the terrible discovery they had made completely unnerved the two brothers. It was many minutes before they became composed enough to take any action towards letting the truth be known. It was an hour after the killing that it was reported.

After collecting his scattered senses, it occurred to Mr. George Force that some report of the terrible tragedy should be made to the police, and putting on his hat, he went out to find an officer.

By a remarkable circumstance, Call Officer Beavers was found seated on horseback at the street corner, almost opposite the house. The officer had just been out to a fire. Mr. Force hastily told the officer of the tragic occurrence, and the incredulous mounted officer leaped from his horse and entered the house.

Giving orders that the lady prisoner be held, Captain Wright

started on horseback in company with Captain Manley for the scene of the tragedy. He now understood the affair. His strange lady visitor was twice a murderer. He found Officer Beavers at the Force household. In a short while, Detective Looney arrived, and then came Sergeant White and Officers Whatley, Lanford and Phillips. There was nothing in the way of apprehending the murderer that the officers could do, and they were kept busy keeping the crowd back, which by this time had got news of the tragedy and had arrived.

It was rumored that Mrs. Foree had also been killed, and a search was made for her. While this was going on, she reached home from a shopping tour. Her grief was terrible when the truth was revealed to her. She swooned, and had to be supported to a seat. For hours she sat and moaned piteously.

The pistol with which the deed was done was found on the dresser in Miss Julia's room. It was new, a Smith & Wesson, and had never been shot before doing its fatal work. Only two chambers were empty.

Miss Julia's room was a neat one. The furnishings were such as would be selected by a person of unique taste. A new novel, "Avatar," was found where she had just thrown it.

Coroner Paden arrived at 3 o'clock, and an inquest was begun. Dr. Olmstead carried the jury into the room where the dead bodies lay. They first entered the room where Miss Minnie lay dead. Dr. Olmstead raised her head from the pool of blood in which it lay. A bullet hole was found just over the left ear. She lay beside a chair, and it was evident that she had been sitting in her chair when her sister had crept up behind and shot her. The maniac murderer had then locked the door behind her.

The jury next viewed the body of Miss Florence in her room upstairs. It had not been moved. It was a ghastly sight to look upon. The room showed touches everywhere of a woman's delicate hand, and all its furnishings were selected with a woman's taste. There was the dainty, beribboned work box, a pretty card case, a photograph album, a lady's street suit, and many other articles that suggested femininity. On the mantle were photographs of the Rev. G. M. Fusten, Dr. Strickler, and other ministers. Dr. Strickler, was the young lady's pastor.

Millie Pinkard, the cook, a very intelligent colored girl, was sworn. She said that Miss Julia had sent her to the grocery store in the morning about 12 o'clock to get a broom. She was met at the door on her return and told to go up town and ask Mr. Albert Force to come house at once. Miss Julia had already sent out the house girl. The house girl had never come back.

The inquest was adjourned to the station house to continue the hearing of evidence. Here Officer Beavers was sworn. The jury wanted to have Miss Julia before them, and Chief Connolly led her into the room. She took a seat before the jury, but hung her head and refused to look up. When questioned, she merely replied in a low voice:

"I have nothing to say, now!"

The jury found a verdict as already stated.

Miss Julia has never admitted directly that she did the killing. To Captain Wright she had stated that she had committed a crime, but she refused to say what it was. Chief Connelly talked with her privately for half an hour, but she told him none of the details of the killing. She betrayed no signs of mental derangement. She undid a large breastpin, which she wore about her throat, and handed it to the Chief. The pin contained a picture of a gentleman past middle age.

"This is my father's picture," she said, "and I want you to keep it for me. I do not want to wear it in jail."

To Chief Connolly Miss Force stated that she could tell nothing about the tragedy and its causes. She said that she had written a long statement, detailing her reasons for doing what she had done.

A number of friends called to see her, but she refused to see them.

The two dead young women were exceedingly popular in the circle in which they moved.

The two young ladies were laid to rest at the same time.

A double funeral with ministers of two different denominations officiating is a rare event in the history of any locality.

But it is just what Atlanta had that day.

One of the ladies was a devout Episcopalian, while the other was

an ardent member of the Presbyterian church. The funeral services were held at the residence of the mother of the young ladies and the Rev. Dr. Tupper, of St. Phillips, and the Rev. Dr. Strickler, of the Presbyterian church, officiated jointly.

The pallbearers for the one were the pallbearers for the other, and the two hearses followed each other closely on the way to Oakland, where the two bodies were laid to rest side by side.

THE FORCE FAMILY.

The Force family is one of the oldest and best in the city and the members have always been held in the highest respect and esteem by all who have come in contact with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Force, father and mother of the young ladies, came to Atlanta from South Carolina in the latter part of the '60s, and it was not long before the social worth of the family was generally recognized; while at the same time, the elder Force and his willing and intelligent sons were making for themselves a name in the business world, which to this day has not been shadowed by any suggestions of wrong.

The elder Force opened a shoe store, and was the pioneer in that line in Atlanta. He was one of the most accommodating, energetic and polite gentlemen in the city, and quickly drew around him a big patronage. All who went to the place were sure to return again, and thus it was that the house built up a trade which has never left it. Mr. Force, while working to acquire something for his family, was one of the most orthodox home stayers in the city. When he was not engaged in the store he was with his family, and those who now recall those days, say that it was one of the happiest homes in the city.

In his business life, Mr. Force was given the aid and assistance of four sons, all bright, quick, energetic, willing young men. At home he found in his rest from work the love and devotion of his estimable wife and daughters, who were considered among the most charming young ladies of the city. The home was one of the most delightfu

in the city, and there many of the most delightful and elegant entertainments in the social history of Atlanta have taken place.

Several years ago, the elder Force died, and it was then that his eldest two sons took up the business. And from that day to this, the firm of G. H. & A. W. Force has been a leading factor in Atlanta trade. No one in the city is better known or more universally respected than the two gentlemen who are now conducting the business their father established years ago. They are both quiet, successful business men, and through their entire career have never obtruded themselves upon the public. They were always at their place of business and seemed very much devoted to each other and equally devoted to their home, where they were always to be found when not at the store. Their old mother and their sisters seemed to be a part of their lives, and with them they were always happy.

After the father's death, the first troubles came to the family. Houston Force, the third son and one of the handsomest and most popular young men in the city, became involved in a trouble with Mr. W. W. Haskell, the well-known insurance man of Atlanta. The affair ended in a duel between Mr. Force and Mr. Townsend, who took Mr. Haskell's place in the affair. The duel was fought with double-barreled shot-guns near Oakland Cemetery, and resulted in the serious wounding of Mr. Townsend. Mr. Force left the city at once and went west, and nothing was heard of him for several years. Four or five years ago, he came back to Atlanta and remained with his family for a few weeks, when he returned to St. Louis where he is now in business. The duel was one of the most complete ever fought in Georgia and the affair threw its first cloud over the Force family. The youngest boy, Mr. Ward Force, was very much devoted to Houston, and some time after the affair of honor the youngest son lost his mind and is now in the insane asylum. The forced absence of one brother and the mental troubles which required the absence of the other brother, preyed upon the minds of the two gentlemen, but they bore their troubles without a murmur and every day that went over their heads brought new friends to them. The sadness of their hearts was known to no one, not even

their old mother realizing the extent of the blow to them, so completely did they conceal their troubles from her on account of their great love for the woman who had taught them their first prayers

Ravings of a Woman's Maddened Brain.

The *Journal* received Miss Julia Force's book in which she wrote a full statement of "her troubles" which led up to the killing of her sisters.

A strange thing about this remarkable statement is that it was written before the killing, perhaps many days, and the last paragraph added just prior to the act.

It is the mad ravings of a disordered brain, and every line in it points to insanity.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BOOK.

The book in which this fearful diary is written is an ordinary account book, about 6 by 12 inches, containing 144 pages, many of which are blank. On the fly leaf is written, in a strong hand, "J. H. Force, 1888." The first two pages contain an index making reference to the virtues, quotations from the Bible, a list of medicines, most of which are poisons, and such subjects as murder, justice, revenge.

The *Journal* reporter was the first newspaper man to see the book, as it was not shown to anybody until to-day.

Every word written in the book by Miss Force is given below:

HER STATEMENT IN FULL.

To any one who may read this story of trouble, I would say that where so many lives are so closely intermingled, it is often difficult to preserve clearness in recital. But I will try to follow each separately to certain points. As it is my trouble which I wish understood, I will begin with myself.

To those of an older generation, who know what tender service was rendered to the children of a family by the "mammy" or "do," what mine was to me needs no explanation. Those of a younger generation could never be made to understand the closeness of the relation. All that "mammies" were to children, mine was to me; tender, loving, full of pride and protection, gentle and tyrannical; all and more, for as she was beyond her class in intelligence, so she was beyond them in resources. Allie and myself were her favorites, and were the recipients of her defense when required, and her love always. This is what she told me of the circumstances of my birth:

Two or three months before I was born mother developed an unsatiable appetite for the coarsest food condiments to an East India degree of fiery seasoning. I was born an apparently healthy child. Mother's morbid taste continuing against the doctor's advice (who told her she would kill herself and child) if indulged in. When I was about ten weeks old my body became spotted into boils, which, breaking instead of healing, spread into discharging sores, covering my entire person except my face.

As I grew older and learned the use of my hands, they were used instinctively to lessen the itching, so that (I have heard mother say) when I was taken from my crib in the morning, it looked as if a piece of newly butchered beef had lain there. When between two and one-half and three years of age the body was cured but the head remained one mass of sores. A doctor was called in, who, giving a treatment, warned mother to attend to it herself.

I was to be placed on my back in her lap and the wash used from my face or the eyes would suffer. This she did for a few days (when I would scream with smarting pain. I received no word of pity or encouragement, but a slap and command to be quiet). After a few days I was abandoned to the white nurse ("mammy" had at the time been made cook). She, of course, hated the duty, and made me suffer for her displeasure.

Dreading it, I would hide whilst she was making preparations. I was soon dragged from my hiding place with all the roughness of which the irritated Irish temperament was capable. Catching me by

the back of the neck, my poor bleeding head was held over the bowl, and often, instead of rubbing the soap into the water as directed, she would rub the soap on my head. Imagine the pain. The sharp edges of the soap striking the raw, bleeding sores.

When I became frantic with the pain, I was taken to mother with the nurse's account of my conduct and was whipped without further investigation. Often and often, as "mammy," hearing me scream, "came up stairs" and with flashing eyes caught me from the nurse and carried me back to the kitchen with her, incurring punishment from mother for doing so. The happiest times of my earliest childhood were those spent with her. Mother's nature was a pleasure-loving, careless one, and most of her time, when presentable (she had children rapidly), was spent in shopping and visiting, and between the white nurse and "mammy" I saw little comparatively of her. The frequent flow of the putrid matter from my head into my eyes and face, through Ellen's careless washing, brought the result predicted and warned by the doctor. My eyes became frightfully inflamed, and from that time have never ceased to be a source of mortification, detriment and pain to me—and this I owe to my mother.

Often in after years she would gib me with it. The inflammation of the lids prevented the lashes from growing. One day she said to me, laughing heartily, as if she thought she was very witty, "I declare, Julia, you look ridiculous, exactly like a house without blinds;" and again, "You ugly thing! I should think your face would hurt you." There was never any consideration from her of my hurt feelings. I was a sensitive child and would have been a loving one had I been encouraged; but "mammy" having died and father—it was now war times—more or less away from home, there was no one to attach myself to, so I grew to be a reserved child. It was a wonder that I was not morose and morbid. I think mother always disliked me. My condition made me at first unpleasant to her, and later my eyes were a mortification to her also. If she could raise a laugh about me for that cause or any other she never spared me. When I was thirteen, I of course, kept a diary. It was as sacred to me as

that of any grown woman's to her. I was naturally the heroine of all that was in it and at thirteen, again due to my mother's carelessness and inattention, I was more advanced in the world's ways than a girl ought to have been at twenty. I never trusted my mother—my experience with her had taught me better—so had hidden my diary. She found it one day and taking it to an assembly of young ladies and gentlemen, read the contents to them. You can imagine the consequences to me and my important wrath.

At the time of the bombardment of Charleston, I was sent to my grandmother's with Florence and Minnie, "to be their little mother" so father said, "until mother could follow." I indeed tried to be giving up my own pleasure for them, seeing that they were always nicely dressed and protecting them from the encouragement of their cousins. There was a host of them at grandma's—refugees from Washington. Florence was always a domineering and sullen and untruthful child. I will give one instance which will give a keynote of her character:

"Mammy" had a number of times come to me with a broken toy in her hands, saying, "Julia, see, Florence broke it."

[F. was then 7, M 5.] I thought it was an accident and tried to comfort her. One day I went to the room to call them for a walk and heard Florence say, "Minnie, if you don't give me this tub for my room, I will break it all to pieces. Minnie commenced crying and said she wanted it, and before I could interpose, F. dashed it in fragments.

I returned to my room quietly, and in a few minutes Minnie toddled after, crying and showing me pieces of the tub, and said:

"Julia, see; Florence has broken my tub."

"How did she do it?" I said.

The child tried to imitate the way Florence had done it.

I went to Florence and said:

"Florence, why did you break Minnie's tub?"

"Why Julia," she replied, "I did not break it at all. Ora (a cousin) was playing with it yesterday; she must have broken it."

I told her what I had seen and as punishment made her stay at

home. She was only sullen, never the least ashamed or repentant. That has been her mode of proceeding all her life—to do a mean thing, lie about it, and if possible blame some one.

I was six years older than Florence and eight years older than Minnie.

My father had taught both sons and servants to pay me proper deference and respect, and all the good in me and all the good I have ever had in my life I owe to him. He was just always, and though he had a violent temper, it was perfectly under control. I never saw him give way to it but twice in my life, and then under great provocation. As long as he lived every pleasure he could command was given to me; every evil of which he knew he kept from me, and my brothers instinctively imitated him, gave me love, deference and protection.

When he died (so mother told me) he gave his business to my brothers, to be shared equally with us—their mother and sisters—and they promised that it should be done. We had as a family been liberal Times and business had become depressed before he died. After father's death Allie gradually became head of the family, although George was his senior. Allie was constantly growling about expenses and his nose being held at the grindstone.

I was a proud woman, and his complaint hurt me, though mother having dismissed all but one servant, I was working like a slave—willingly, I admit; if by doing so I could help my brothers and at the same time feel that I, too, was contributing to the lessening of their burdens; but Allie's continual reference to his nose and the grindstone made me determined to leave home and relieve him of my support entirely.

My preparations I told him. He then told me I owed him nothing that what came out of the store was as much mine as his. George repeated the same thing.

I carried out my determination, however. Week after week came letters begging me to come back, then Allie came on for me, but I held on a little longer; finally, after a year I returned.

I found mother doing all the drudgery of the house, while Florence

and Minnie laughed and talked with their friends.

Gradually, I took it from her, for though she had been a poor mother to me, my own self respect would not see her doing such hard work without trying to relieve her.

Soon I was back in the old traces—wiping up stairs and halls scouring tables, cleaning rooms and doing mother's dress-making.

Before I had gone away I had made all of F. and M.'s clothes and bought them, fitted and draped all Irene's dresses, had made all of mother's, besides making the hats, bonnets and often the cloaks of the family.

Of course, I did all my own sewing. All this I did without help—besides the house work.

After I returned, I let F. and M. do their own sewing; fitting and draping only for them.

After Minnie had become fifteen, I had been more a mother than a sister to her, had given her most of her pleasures, had made my friends hers, had helped her in all difficulties with Florence, and they were many; for after the restraint of father's presence had gone, Florence gave way to those ugly traits of her childhood which had made her so unlovable.

Her brothers, whilst they cared for her in a mild way, certainly did not love her, although she never, after the manner of some women, showed the extent and the depth of her ugly ways to them. Minnie was continually asking my protection from her domineering and unsisterly acts. Guests in the home, usually relatives, would come to me and say (they all of them came to me), "If it were not for the rest of the family, I would pack my trunk and leave the house. I never met anyone so insulting as Florence." Irene, crying, would say, "Julia, I cannot stand Florence's insults."

Often and often this would happen. I would go to Florence and reproach her for her conduct, and if I could not get some intimation that she would behave herself, would always threaten to speak to her brothers. This always had a transient effect. We had all determined that none of the difficulties and quarrels of the females should be brought to the notice of the men at the store, thinking

they had enough to contend with there. I believe, with after experience, that this was a mistake.

They would have been, must have been just in their decisions afterwards. But after all one cannot tell.

This I do know, that among themselves, for an insult men will fight; for a growl or snarl they will retort with a curse; for one annoyance they will do many disagreeable things. Let a man quarrel with another and retorts more or less serious will follow.

But tell them of the daily annoyances, quarrels, acts of spite and meanness of a woman which makes the happiness of a family impossible, and they pass it by as of little importance. In other words, a woman must stand daily what they will not bear one hour.

Florence became worse and worse, more and more unbearable. When she was angry with me she had two ways of showing it. Any housekeeper will understand how unbearable they were. Our hall was covered with oil-cloth, the steps were stained. Every Saturday I would wipe down the stairs and oil-cloth. The hall was quite full of bric-a-brac, all of which had to be wiped off. Before beginning the work, I would find out whose week it was to clean their room, Florence or Minnie's. If Florence's, I would wait as late as possible and would then ask her to please attend to it, for though it was the rule to shut doors and open windows in sweeping, Florence, to spite me, would not do it, but instead, would throw open her door and sweep all the dirt, dust and trash into the clean stairs and hall that I had just swept, probably two hours of work, and such hard work. Need I ask any housekeeper how she would bear having a thing like that done to her? After finishing the stairs and hall I would go to the dining room and pantry, which were in the basement, and after preparing the dining room and setting the table, would give the pantry a thorough cleaning—scouring shelves, safe, sink and table. Florence would wait until I had thoroughly finished and had gone up stairs, utterly worn out, to dress for dinner, and putting the kerosene stove on my nice, white table, it run over with oil, and make something for herself, within half an hour of dinner—custard pudding—anything that would give an excuse for messing up the

table, and would then take the sooty pan and run it up and down the table, besides taking silver, glass and crockery from the table knowing that it always put Allie in a temper to have us get up from the table to supply it with articles that might have been placed there at the proper time.

I would come down when the bell rang and find the disorder described, and this after all my hard, hard work.

At another time I put up some curtains in Allie's room—curtains that had been lying away for a year or two and had been used in a small room. Later in the day I returned to attend to his fire and found one curtain torn off and lying on the floor, the other hanging by one tack. Irene passed and I asked who had done it.

"Florence," she replied. "I begged her not to do it."

I opened Florence's door and said, "Florence, did you tear down those curtains?"

"Yes, I did. I thought they were mine and determined that you shouldn't have them; but when I got them down, I found that they were not mine," and she gave a mean little laugh, peculiar to her.

A few days afterward I was at work down stairs. Minnie came to me and said Florence was sweeping mother's room with the door open.

Mother's room was in my care. Florence had never troubled it before, but finding that Minnie had swept their room, determined to anger me some way.

I went to the room and said to F., "This door must be closed. I will not let you serve me this way again."

"It shall not," she replied, violently.

"Why are you sweeping mother's room, you never did it before?"

"I will sweep it whenever I please," was her answer.

Then I said, "The door must be closed," and turned to close it.

She drew her hand back and slapped my face with all her strength: the print of her fingers remained for hours. I had never received a blow in all my life. My father had always said that his children should never be slapped in the face; that it was an indignity he

would never suffer them to endure. I was speechless with astonishment for a few moments after the blow, and stood gazing at Florence. She gave one of her ugly laughs, then the temper which I had inherited from my father and mother too possession of me, and catching her, I would have thrown her out of the window, but, fortunately for us both, she fell over a chair, and in disentangling her, I had a moment to think, and, turning her over, gave her one of the worst spankings she ever had.

When mother returned and heard of it, she did not blame Florene at all, but poured out all her wrath on me. Later on when I reproached her with the injustice she had always treated me with, she said:

"I have gone down on my knees to Florene and begged her to behave herself, but I can do nothing with her. I have no influence over her."

The day after Florene slapped my face my mother was talking and laughing with her as if nothing had hapened. To me she did not speak. I was in this way that mother constantly encouraged Florene in all the evil she did. If there were to be no unpleasant consequences to her, why should she restrain herself? On the other side there was myself, who worked like a slave to save mother from drudgery, who made her clothes and took care of her when sick, and what had I gained but continual injustice?

I appealed to my brothers for the first time. They said they could not turn Florene out of doors; but they were indignant with her for what she had done until mother, fearing for Florene, used her influence as a mother to stay their indignation and made them doubt me. It was a cruel injustice—a vile use of her motherhood. Then I said I would go away. When I told mother that she had succeeded in driving me away from home, her reply was:

"What if you do. People will say you went away once before. You will be blamed; no one else."

She knew the world. I have been blamed. But I trusted in God. Where was he? I had never been trained for self support. Years

before, when I had begged to be taught bookkeeping, I was opposed, saying I should never have to work as long as my brothers lived; so for seven years I did what I could find to do, having no choice in the matter; uncongenial work, all of it, but I was paid rather well for it. It was not the work I minded, for I was at least independent, but "the all sorts and conditions of men" that I was necessarily thrown with, the close contact with the seamy side of life, I who had been so sedulously attended, so tenderly cared for and indulged during my dear father's life. It is a crime for a girl not to be taught a supporting profession. She needs it more than a boy, and yet she is neglected and the boy receives every training. During those seven years, Allie frequently wrote me, asking me to come home. Houston wrote me that the boys (my brothers) were breaking their hearts about my absence from home, naively telling me that "Florence had not been at his house a week before he found out that it would be impossible to live with her," and further on in his letter saying:

"Julia, go home. It is difficult, I know, to live with Florence, but you are strong."

"Impossible" for him to live with her, but only difficult for me.

After nearly five years, I accepted a proposition from Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, to go to New York and be trained for a nurse at Belview Hospital, so that I might take charge of a hospital in his state. The contract called for a two years' engagement. The summer before I was to leave the hospital, Allie came on and again begged me to come home. Putting his head upon the table, he cried like a child, saying between his sobs, "Come home, Julia, come home."

I replied, "Allie, if I should return, it would only be the old troubles again; Florence is the same."

No, Julia;" said he, "come home and I will guarantee that you will have no more trouble."

I made no promise, but then in the following spring he wrote of Irene's illness; told me what had been done for her and her terrible condition, entreated me if I knew anything that could be done for her to let me know. I replied: "I have had about two years experi-

ence as a nurse. After what you said last summer, if you wish me to come home and help Irene and will send me the money, I will come."

He sent the money with a letter begging me to come. With difficulty I obtained an excuse from the committee to be excused from the six weeks' service I still owed them, upon condition that I forfeited my diploma. It was a hard condition, for I had gone through fearful work to obtain it. But if Allie needed me and under the conditions, I knew the Bishop would be contented without the diploma.

I returned home, and Irene was put in my charge; as soon as I saw her I knew she could not live. I thought she must die in a few hours. She lived, however, one week. It was a glad release for her, for her married life after the first two years had been a most unhappy one.

Allie neglected her, bullied her and even threatened a divorce. One night after 11 o'clock, (Allie had just come in and gone to his room) she came to me, white and trembling, and exclaimed:

"Oh! Julia, I am so frightened. Allie has been cursing me and looked as if he would kill me, he has frightened me so," and she put her quivering hand over her heart. I said, "what did you say to him, Irene?"

"Not one word," she replied. "As soon as he saw me he began cursing me, and went to the children's crib and shaking his fist at them, cursed them; 'damn their souls,' he said, 'I wish they were in hell.'"

"Irene," I said, "Allie will never hurt you or the children."

"Never mind, Julia," she said, thinking I was taking up for him "Allie will make you suffer some day as he has made me suffer"—was there ever a truer prophecy? And again, a few days before she died, I was sitting by her; she had not spoken for an hour, when suddenly turning her head towards me, she said, "Julia, this family is going to make you see hell." (She who had been so gentle, had in her last delirious days fallen into an evil way of speaking entirely out of character with her.)

"No, Irene," I said, "Allie has promised me his protection."

"Hypocrite!" she exclaimed with deep venom. I heard she had frequently called him hypocrite during her illness. The family thought it was entirely owing to her wildness; but I, in whom she had confided much of her married troubles, believed the flickering mind recalled the remembrance of her injuries and suffering.

For six months after Irene's death time passed smoothly enough. Then Florence began her old aggravations. Finding that I paid no attention to them or her, she became more and more aggressive, treating me with every indignity and annoyance that years of practice had given her skilled use of. After about eighteen months of that kind of thing my patience became exhausted (indeed to be patient with her was to invite aggressiveness) and I resented all she did.

I had begun to sell embroidery in order to make a little pocket money. To ask for every ten cents to go on the street cars and every twenty-five cents I needed for small necessities, has always been, since my father's death, a hard matter to me.

And my brother, like many another man, never gave the women or his family any money except when they asked for it, and never more than was asked.

If men would only occasionally put themselves in a woman's place and ask themselves if things were reversed how they would like to have every penny doled out to them. But even good men otherwise never think of the humiliations they daily compel the women of their family to endure.

Embroidery requires many hours of constant work to accomplish a small design. As I had only two chairs in my room then, I have since bought and unearthed from the humble room two others, one a straight back chair with broken springs, the other was an old arm chair with springs in even a worse condition, as it gave me great pain to sit for hours in either of them, I took a chair from the parlor not dreaming there would be any objection made. I thought of keeping it only a day or two until my first money was made, when I intended buying me one.

The parlor is very small and so crowded with chairs, but Florence was in one of her worst humors, and, seeing that I had taken the chair, she, first taking out two chairs which belonged to Minnie and herself (three chairs out of a small room left it looking rather bare), went to mother and complained that I had taken a parlor chair into my room. (Did I not have as much right to the chair as she had?) My brothers had told me again and again that I had as much right to the money and all the conveniences of the house which the money from the store procured, as THEY had. I know I had as much right as SISTER FLORENCE or MINNIE, and so far from my endeavor to lessen the burden of expenses by the effort to help myself invalidating my right, it ought to have augmented it.

My father had left his business to his sons for the benefit of his family, and they had promised to so use it. My father, at the close of the war, had taken the benefit of the bankrupt law. Large sums were owing him, of which he could not recover one cent.

He could not pay his debts unless his creditors paid him, and as there was no shadow of hope of that, he could not remain idle. He must get his sons into business and support his family. The firm began under the name of B. W. Foree & Sons, and making use of his old connections and prestige, he soon built up a good business.

George was always a quiet boy and gained little confidence with advancing years, spending comparatively little money in his manhood. Allie was very extravagant (though in later years becoming parsimonious in a humiliating degree with his wife, mother and sisters), fond of society and lavish of his presents to female friends. Honston also was extravagant. He soon left the store and went into the world for himself. I have repeated these business details as they have been repeated to me by both Allie and George.

If they lied to me as to my right to a living from the proceeds of the business, in order to keep me home, or to bring me back after twice leaving it, I cannot be blamed for believing and trusting them.

The tie between Allie and myself has been particularly close.

We were nearly of an age, and had been constantly together in society interests until his marriage. After that event he still talked a

good deal to me. It was with me he discussed getting a divorce from his wife, and I was the one who dissuaded him from it, telling him how unfair it would be. That he had taken Irene from a work in which she had been making a successful living, and that it would be a very different thing for her to go back to teaching with her two children on her hands and heart. He gave the divorce up, but he made his wife suffer many humiliations. She was a most unhappy woman.

To return to Florence's complaint to mother of my taking a chair from the parlor. Mother, as was her custom on all occasions, without asking me for any explanation, commanded me, in a hard, angry manner, to put the chair back at once.

I told her I would obey her when she spoke for herself, but I would not obey Florence through her. That I was nearly 45 years old and not a child to obey unreasonable commands. That if she would sometimes listen to me instead of always taking Florence's version of every word and act, acting upon her wilful lies without a single consideration for me, and letting Florence warp her mind with suspicions and ungrounded accusations, she, my mother, might be able to do some justice. Then I would do what she asked, not otherwise. Mother went to Allie with Florence's version of all the disagreeable evil things that had been happening. Allie commanded me to put the chair back, saying scornfully that he would buy me one. Such is a man's justice—compelling me to submit to Florence through mother. I reminded of his promise made to me in New York when he begged me to come home and guaranteed his protection from Florence's evil ways.

It only made him angry when I reminded him of Florence's threats and of her slapping my face, saying that "I would not wait for to do it another time." He replied, "I'll turn you out of that front door." Oh, my God! Twice had he brought me home, after hard struggling, I had established myself in an independent living. Twice had he wept and sobbed and wrung my heart by what I believed to be a sincere, loving desire to have me with him, and, trusting in him, I had returned to my home to be told at last that he would turn me out of the door.

From that time, Allie and mother persecuted me with every indig-
nity. Mother would take anything that she found out I wanted,
from the pantry, even the desert, and hide it in her bedroom. Fruit
and every delicacy was kept there. They had all made it so dis-
agreeable at the table for me that I had resorted to having my meals
in my room, going to the kitchen for them, except at supper, when
I paid the servant by gifts to bring it to me. One morning I did
breakfast in the dining-room, going there when all had finished their
breakfast and had left the room. While waiting I began to throw
some of the crumbs out of the window. Florence came in and took
her seat to sew. The three women, always after leaving the dining-
room, sat in mother's room where the machine was or went to Flor-
ence and Minnie's room. Why Florence returned to the dining-room
on that especial morning, unless it was to make trouble, I do not
know. She knew that I had been persecuted into such a condition
of mind that I would stand nothing from her.

At first she sat a little one side of the window, but seeing me, apparently observing her, she little by little placed herself between
me and the window. (I had continued throwing the crumbs out.)
Wishing to empty my saucer of some grounds, I threw them out,
not caring whether they reached her or not. She said that several
drops got on her dress. Starting up with concentrated anger, she
screamed out, "How dare you, madam, do such a thing to me? How
dare you?"

Seemingly I did not hear, but drank my chocolate. Becoming
more incensed, she screamed again, "How dare you, madam! I DARE
you to do such a thing again."

"Oh," I said quietly, "if it comes to be a dare," and I emptied the
contents of my cup over her head. Twice she gave me the dare.

She went to mother and told her tale. For the first time she had
something true to tell. What she had done to me did not matter.
For two years she had not spared me in little matters as well as
greater. Countermanding my orders to the servants, running against
me on the staircase and hall, taking my chair when I would leave it

a minute, throwing food on my plate at table, influencing mother to have the laundry put where she wanted it, though I had all the trouble of it; disordering the rooms I had charge of (I clean up four rooms every day); annoying me everywhere and in everything with devilish ingenuity, and who would believe it, seeing her so full of life and bright chat to all outside the house, and gaining complete control of mother by repeating all the gossip she heard, magnifying to her her influence in church societies, etc., etc., and mother never seems to recall the fact who it was that took all the drudgery from her, who made all her clothes, who nursed her during her sickness. The constant injustice has made me less demonstrative I ~~now~~, more quiet, more bent on doing my duty than talking of it. Yet it does seem to me that she could not forget how insolent Florence and Minnie have been to her. What have they not said to her in accusation and insolence?

I, too, have been guilty, but only after long years of cruel treatment. It may have been thoughtlessness, but the result was no less cruel. After many years of unappreciated drudgery, and finally, after driving me from home (Florence could have done nothing without her aid) and again combining with both Florence and Minnie for the same result, it seems natural to ask, why did you bear so much? Why not make your own living?

Remember that I have twice essayed to do it—once in comparative youth and again later. It is true that I seemed to succeed pretty well for an untrained woman, but who will ever know how hard the struggle was, what despairing loneliness I endured, and often how evil was the life around me. Many a working woman will corroborate what I hint at, in their hearts. I who had rarely ever heard an oath, was surrounded by cursing men and women.

I, who had been guarded so carefully, saw all the depths of vice, I was forty years old before I had ever bought a ticket for a railroad journey. Could you expect a helpless woman like that being plundered and imposed on? Then think how long one has to wait for employment, even when young, all vacancies, even the lowliest, have hundreds, if not thousands, of applicants.

Think how many disappointments there are and how long the waiting time is while the purse grows thinner and the necessity for work greater and greater. I have been through it all, though my pride hid much of it and now at forty-five feeling in brain and muscle the fearfully wearing result of the strangle who wishes me! What can I do? I thought I might clothe myself by my embroidery—but how fitful is the work.

The night of the day in which Florence and I had an outbreak, Allie and George came into my room and heaped every insult that cowardly bullies and brutal men could heap upon a woman.

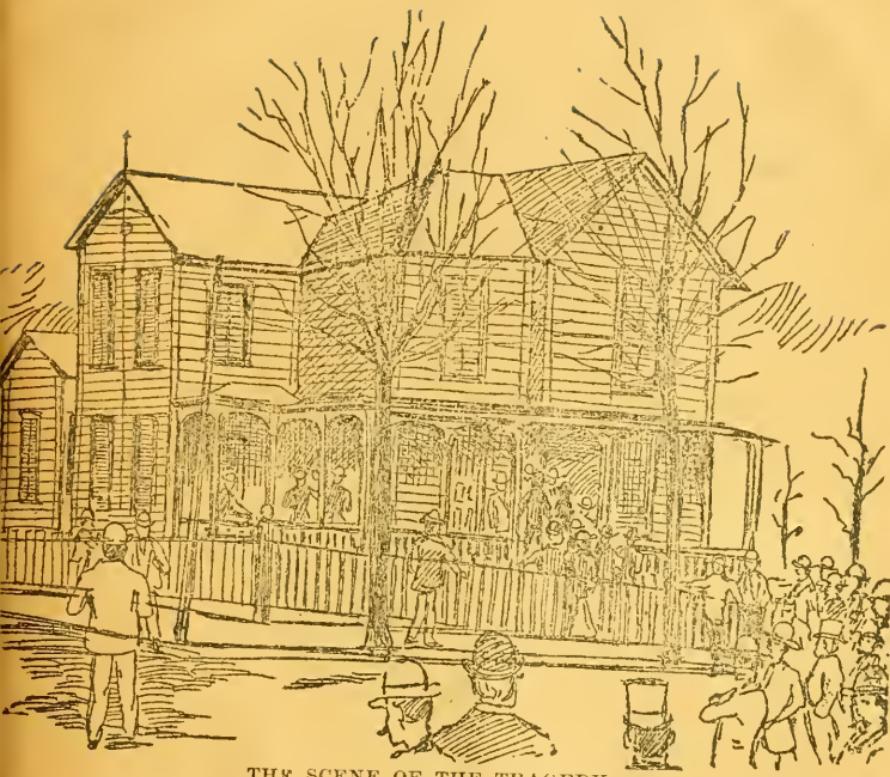
George springing from his seat, shook his fist at me and clenched his hands, saying, "I'll drive you out of the house, madaam! I'll drive you out of the house."

"No," said I, "you will not. Both Allie and yourself say that this is my house. He is the head of the family. You never asked me to return to my home. You tacitly helped Florence and Minnie to drive me from the house ten years ago. You broke your promise to your dying father to take care of us. Since my return you will probably remember that I have never made a bill in your name—you have nothing to do with me, your threats are trying to me."

Then Allie said, "You make me entirely responsible for yourself?" "For my return home I do," I replied; "are you now going to deny that you invited me home?"

"No," he said, "I not only asked you when you were in New York, but I have asked you a number of times, and I say with George, if you don't behave yourself, I will drive you out of the house. I will say further that you made a convenience of my wife's illness to get back into the home."

Was there ever anything more dastardly? There was his letter begging me to tell him if I knew of anything to help Irene. Why, just at the close of her life, when, indeed, living was impossible to her, did he become so solicitous of her condition and so attentive to her wants—she who had been neglected and bullied by him for years? Was it remorse? There was his immediate reply to my proposition to come home and nurse her. Remembering his grief during



THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

his visit to me in the summer and his earnest request for me to come home led me to make the proposition; and there was his invitation to come home given not once, but a number of times—and yet I had made a convenience of his wife's illness to get back home.

Later on he said with great wrath, "This is my house; what are you doing in my house?" George and Allie stayed in my room three hours, insulting and abusing me the entire time. Florence had said to me before leaving the breakfast room, "Never mind, madam, I'll make you pay for this or you'll die," saying it in the most violent manner, and coming back to repeat it.

I supposed she meant that she would kill me if the brothers, at her mother's instigation failed, to make me pay for it. Well, if she could only have heard the brothers bullying and insulting me, she would have felt avenged. George even went to the length of threatening to get out a writ to eject me from the house.

Why did I not leave the home? Because I had resolved when I determined to accept Allie's promise of protection and came home that the women of the family should never, under any provocation, drive me from my home again. It was as much my home as theirs and though Allie and George were none the less culpable in their brutality and cowardly bullying, I knew it was the women of the family who had driven them to it for I had frequently heard both Florence and Minnie urge mother to tell Allie and George of every evil thing that had been said or done during the day. She would have forgotten much of it, for she is an old woman, if F. and M. had not not only reminded her, but so worded were mere nothings until they appeared evil things. For instance, when I told Allie of Florence's threat that I should die or pay for throwing the chocolate at her, he denied in the angriest way that F. had made any such threat. "She," said he, repeated "that you would regret it always." "Here you, then," I replied, "affirm what she tells you so positively."

Florence and I were the only ones in the room, and yet you take her word when you know she is not truthful; whilst even mother says she has never known me to tell a lie. That is the way she (Florence) always smoothed over all her acts and words.

Again, I went into mother's room one day and said: "Mother, how can you, as a Christian woman, who took communion only last Sun-Say, treat me with the injustice and bitter wrongs that you do."

"I will not listen to you," she replied, half rising from her chair.

"Yes, you will," I said, "You go to Allie and tell him all sorts of evil things, and then when I come to you to know why you treat me so you tell me you will not listen," and putting my hand upon her breast, I pushed her back into the chair.

It took only a light touch to do it. Three times she tried to leave the room, and three times did I push her back. The only thing that I regret in all my course was that I ought not to have touched her.

However, in repeating it to George and Allie, she said that I threw her across the table and [dragged her around the room; so George and Allie told me.

One night after one of Allie's bullyings, I carried some materia that I had bought to make underwear for Allie into mother's room, I threw it on the bed, and turning to Florence, who was sitting near, I said:

As for you who have caused all of this trouble, and have been acting more like a devil than the rest, I hope your master will soon have you and put you in the hottest hole in hell." Florence jumped up and ran over to mother.

"Get behind me," Florence, get behind me," said mother, spreading her dress. "I have always protected you and always will."

But Florence not relishing the ridiculousness of the position, pushed mother roughly in a chair and said, "Oh! hush up." Yet nothing has ever been said about that. Allie and Minnie were both present and saw it. For even I saw it and could not but be a little amused, although I was in fearful temper.

I have no time for more, though I have not told one-tenth of al the dirty things they said and did. But the most bitter thought of all is they have sunk to this level, finding that silence on my part only exposed me to greater aggravations from them. I gave up and returned word for word, evil for evil.

I have said that Minnie, until she was sixteen or seventeen, was



JULIA FORCE IN JAIL.

more my child than my sister. It was in her defense mainly that I had gained Florence's enmity, yet when Florence and mother were trying and succeeding in driving me from my home, I said one day:

"Minnie, how can you be so inactive when I have done so much for you."

"Oh, Julia," she replied petulantly, "it's not my fuss; I'm not going to interfere."

I was too proud to say more. About a year ago, after my return, Minnie and I were going out. I saw that she was very much disturbed.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I hate Florence so. I hate her."

"Why," I said, "hasn't she improved?"

"Improved," she exclaimed. "She grows worse and worse every year; and what is more, in having to fight her, I am getting just like her."

She talked on and she wanted to escape Florence by going into some other room—into my own room with me, in fact—but remembering her ingratitude of ten years before, and being unused to having a constant companion in my room, and further knowing her selfishness, and that once in my room it would soon be no longer mine at all, I paid no attention to her hints. At that time Minnie complained quite frequently to mother about Florence, but seeing that mother turned a cold shoulder to her, as she had done to me, Minnie having more policy than I, changed her tactics and then began criticizing and abusing me to her, which was more profitable.

Ungrateful, selfish, plausible, working and talking for self-profit and benefit, urging on any evil or suffering for others by which she might profit, and slipping or lying out of all evil consequences to herself, Minnie would give up the best friend she ever had for an hour's pleasure.

Last year we heard very sad news from the doctor of Ward. He had become insane and had to be confined to an insane asylum. He was just put into a private asylum, George and Allie sharing the expense with Houston. Knowing this and wishing to help Allie as

much as possible, my only bill was \$7. Minnie and Florence bought all they wanted as usual. I also undertook the care of four rooms. I have attended them all more or less since my return, for the servants were always leaving the sewing for the four men and charged laundry, mending, etc.

Last month I went to High's and made a bill of \$33.85. I was sadly in need of underclothes, had not gotten a covering for five years, and only one dress, for which my brother had paid. Florence and Minnie spend about \$80 per year on their clothing, and as we make our own dresses, can manage very well on that.

Surely \$33 was not much for a winter's supply, and yet Allie was in an awful rage about it. It was not more than Minnie had spent, nor any more than Florence would have spent if she had not been sick. I said that to Allie. His reply was "that I should not talk of Florence's illness; that I had been the cause of it."

I supposed mother or Minnie had told him that Florence's illness had been caused by an abscess. However, anything or nothing would do for an excuse for a man of his calibre to bully me about.

To-day I received from High the following notice in typewriting: Miss Julia Force, 44 Crew Street, City:

Dear Miss—I beg to advise you that on and after this date, as per advice of Messrs. G. H. & A. W. Force, we shall be compelled to decline to charge any more goods to their account purchased by

yourself. This we regret exceedingly, and trust that you will understand our position in the matter. Yours truly,

J. M. HIGH & Co.

It is enough—I have borne all I can bear—may God avenge—and for every insult and mortification which has been given me, heap a crushing weight of insult, mortification and sniffling, moral and physical, upon the heads of those scoundrels, traitors and cowards, G. H. and A. W. Force.

Oh! my father, help your child!

Redwine as His Friends Saw Him.

Much has been said about Lewis Redwine; many attempts have been made to describe him, to paint him in his true colors. Most of these attempts have failed. The best idea of how he was regarded, by the people who knew him best was that given by a brilliant woman writer in the *Constitution*:

It seems rather strange that society has had to wait until Lent to experience the greatest and most thrilling sensation ever known to it in this city.

I think I am right in terming the troubles of Lewis Redwine a social sensation; for never did a trouble of this kind and the high note of swelldom ring nearer to each other than in this instance—so near indeed, that the belles who knew the young bank cashier are all sorrow at what they consider his misfortune—so near, indeed, that the men have set a searching inquest upon their own souls and have braced themselves up, not with the courage of the vainglorious conceit, but with the understanding and pity that the knowledge of weakness must bring to broad and generous natures.

A shadow of this kind is more solemn and awe-inspiring than the presence of death; death holds no doubts and no dangers for human life, while witnessing intimately the error of a weak soul fills one with a dizzy, horrible sense of misery and insecurity.

"If this man of sincerity, of kindness and unselfishness could do wrong," say those who love him, "how can we who were not half so good as he seems, feel ourselves secure?"

The city has never been in such a turmoil, such a conflict of opinions and replete with such a diversity of views as upon the subject of this man's misdoing. The morning of the sensation clusters of his men and women friends gathered together to discuss the matter, and the sorrow and shock of it all was shown by every look and word. The people who knew him best would not believe this terrible arraignment against him.

"If it had been anybody else but Lewis Redwine," they said—"but we just can't believe this of him."

It is a very beautiful fact, too, and one disproving the usual idea of society life, that a number of his friends made up the sum of \$30,000 for the purpose of clearing Mr. Redwine. These men had all been his friends, and the sharers of that prodigal generosity which it is said his unsuspected resources enabled him to

practice. Perhaps, however, if a few others of those summer day friends who really had more money than the ones who did offer to assist him, had stepped up and helped out, matters might have been more easily settled. In other smart places, Lewis Redwine would not have found so many opportunities of throwing away money. But the man that treats most is generally the one who can least afford it. Be it said however, as a rare compliment to plutocracy that several of the young men who put up the thirty thousand were men of wealth and possessed the generosity and charity which rarely attends it.

I am not championing the unfortunate man's cause but I do admire and respect the faith and the generosity which many of his friends have shown towards him, and I cannot admire those men of wealth who had been often dined and wined at his expense, yet who were silent and close of their cash when his downfall came. And some of those, too, who pitied him think that perhaps, if some of those niggardly friends had been a little freer with their money at the club and

Of course, the cry is ringing out about the enormities and vanities of the social fabric in connection with all this sensation; and, of course, too, a lot of women are brought into the story and the expenditures upon them exaggerated enormously. Sermons may be drawn from it in which all dancing and bouquets will be roundly scored. Now the truth was that Mr. Redwine was not a dancing man nor a dude, nor a "masher" who cared for women to any foolish or extravagant extent. He was lavish with all his friends, attended all social functions in the best style and generally escorted some young woman; but he was more a man's man than a "fatal swell" where women were concerned. It was, it is told, at the club that he showed his greatest lavishness.

The stories in relation to Mr. Redwine's club life increases daily. Of course there must be an immense amount of exaggeration, for, although the fact that he did squander a good deal of money there is not denied, the overgrown stories would have obliged him to have spent the fortune of a Croesus.

There is an interesting piece of club gossip going around concerning Mr. Redwine, and which is probably altogether fiction.

It is said that after the opening night of the new theater, he with a party of friends were discussing the play of "Men and Women" when he suddenly left the room. One of his friends who followed him soon after, upon entering the dressing room, found him with a pistol placed to his head.

"What are you doing?" said he excitedly.

The young man put the pistol down, smiling blandly with that innocent look which characterized him. "Oh I was doing that to scare you," he replied, in the most reassuring voice.

In contradiction of this story and to the one concerning the intense way he watched the play, is that of a well-known society belle who says he talke

with her in the gayest manner during the most tragical parts of "Men and Women."

The general talk among those who knew him is in the latter vein, and, indeed, not one of his friends have been able to find in anything that he ever said or suggested a hint of the tragedy in his life.

That his disappearing was not premeditated seems proven by the fact that he made engagements for the theater this week with several young lady friends, and the story goes that it was only last week that he implored a leading belle here to marry him. How very strange, how gruesomely uncanny it all is any way! an how many odd and even ludicrous ideas such a tragedy brings up in the minds of people.

I heard a perfectly honorable man declare that he could scarcely expect a young fellow to keep straight on the pitiful salary of \$125 a month with all that money rolling around him.

It is not, however, the business part of the affair that I intend to discuss for I am dealing merely with the current gossip and sentiment of the society of which this man was a member. If he has been guilty of all the wrong doing laid at his door, he deserves that punishment which should be the reward of all who have sinned against their fellow men.

Still, the fact that there are many who believe him partly, if not wholly, innocent must have some weight. The personal influence that he exerted over those who knew him was certainly remarkable. I don't think any other man I know could have had so much genuine kindness and sympathy expressed for him under such circumstances. Everybody likes him. He has a gentle sort of magnetism that makes all women his friends and a manly strength and generosity that made men swear by him. He was the most loyal person in the world to the people he liked and the most charitable to the faults of others; and the latter characteristic is a very rare one in an innately bad nature. Indeed, that he had a bad nature, no one who knew him is willing to admit.

For my part, I can see as I write, his bland, honest-appearing face with candid gray eyes and smiling mouth with its upcurling corner regarding me from theater boxes, bowing from a carriage or beaming benignantly amid the time honored reception decorations.

If he be a villain, what a beautiful, wonderful villain this man would make for a story—a villain whose personality in its bland innocence would put to shame those palpable, dark-browed wretches of thriling drama and romance. And, on the other hand, if he is not guilty, what a splendid, thrilling heroic story it would make, his self-immolation on the altar of other men's honor, his faith to his friends and so on.

And what part in the tragedy will he be given, after all, I wonder?

Well, no matter what it is and how he has sinned, God pity him!

Under any circumstances the torture of his soul now must be horrible beyond all imagining. The disgrace before the world, the curious crowd about him, the manacles on his wrists. Can any one who knows Lewis Redwine think of all this without anguish and sympathy?

The Living and Dead,

The story has been told. The storm has subsided. Atlanta is the same quiet, peaceful and Christian city that she was before the dark days that formed the exciting period of her epidemic of crime, and with characteristic generosity she spreads the mantle of charity over all that has gone before. The curtain has already fallen on the terrible scenes of the tale of tragedies, and may its friendly folds forever obscure and protect from public parade the deeds and misdeeds of those who sinned and were sinned against in them.

Of the living characters who figure prominently in the foregoing pages, there is little to say. Lewis Redwine, the defaulting cashier of the Gate City National Bank, and upon whom the sole responsibility for its collapse is fixed, now languishes in a grim and gruesome cell behind the bars of the Fulton County Jail; in default of \$25,000 bond awaiting trial in the United States Court for embezzlement from a national bank. The amount of his shortage, first fixed at \$70,000, has, it is now alleged, been ascertained to read \$95,000. A strange and unaccountable feature of the story comes in here. Redwine claims most emphatically that he knows nothing about but \$23,000 of the missing money; that this he loaned to friends and not one dollar of it went to his personal and private benefit. He refuses to divulge the names of his friends to whom he loaned the missing money, declaring that it can avail nothing now, as if they were dead or beyond the power of giving satisfaction. If this be so, then Redwine, the dupe and tool of a gilded aristocracy whom he tried to ape and rank with is to be pitied in going to the penitentiary if such be his fate, to suffer a felon's punishment and bear the stigma of the chief to protect the names of his high toned but treacherous friends. Although his ideas of friendship may be exaggerated, he is a hero worthy of treatment by a master's pen. The amount of Redwine's shortage, considering the statements of the bank examiners and himself together, is enshrouded in a veil of mystery, and viewing simply from

the public's standpoint, Redwine is either a badly abused agency through which others have served, or else he is a consummate scoundrel.

The fate of the Gate City Bank which is now in charge of the United States government, and for the suspension of which, Redwine is alleged to be responsible, is uncertain. It may be reopened and the suspension may be permanent.

Tom Cobb Jackson, whose tragic suicide followed so closely the defalcation of Redwine and the bank suspension, reposes in death's sleep, in the beautiful city of the dead in Athens, surrounded by the mounds and monuments that mark the last resting place of his distinguished ancestors; his young bride weeps tears of anguish and love and the home of his father's family of which he was the pride and joy, is disconsolate and sad. A score of rumors as to the cause of his suicide have been freely repeated, some assigning financial trouble and some domestic trouble, but they seemed to be without foundation. One story on the financial line which was printed in a Chattanooga paper places his debts at over a hundred thousand dollars.

Miss Julia Force who took the life of her two sisters is also confined in the Fulton County jail awaiting transfer to the insane asylum. She was tried and adjudged insane by Ordinary Calhoun soon after the commission of the crime. She allows no one to see her in her cell and is said to be literally weeping her life away, while her victims sleep side by side in Oakland Cemetery. The Force home only a few days ago made bright, cheerful and enjoyable by the three daughters and sisters, is now a sad, sad scene of sorrow. Within a day, two bright lights that contributed so much to the comfort and happiness were forever dimmed in death, and another hidden for all time to come behind prison bars.

Umberto Piantini, one of the victims of the Metropolitan Hotel murder, has forever passed from the earth. Selita Muegge still lives, but is in a pitiable plight for one so young and beautiful. The young wife, father and mother are heart-broken, and disgrace will ever shadow that household, a fitting shroud of mourning for the sins of its inmates.

Raphael, the unfortunate Kimball House snieide, was taken to his home in Boston for burial, and the unfortunate love-sick drummer, Crawly, rests beneath the sod of Roswell, his native town.

And thus the story of Atlanta's week of blood and sin ends.

I will leave my readers to draw their own moral conclusions. It was God's visitation, and may have been either his blessing or his curse. With the avalanche of destruction, some of the most conspicuous figures were removed from society, the church, the clubs and financial circles; and considering the selections of his subjects, who can say but the few were taken that the many might take warning? Was it not all a terrible warning? There has never been a government, municipality or society in the history of the world but at some period of its existence, it had to have a check rein thrown over it to keep it from rushing madly into eternal destruction. Was Atlanta society bordering on a precipice? This is a question that time alone can answer. Suffice it to say the warning has been given.

And now the "Why" of it all.

The story that is here told was telegraphed broad east throughout the country, and from all sections came a clamoring for a solution of the problem, an explanation of it all, and that great mystery was that surrounding the central act of the drama; why did Jackson kill himself?

The crime wave theory is all right enough and I believe in it within certain bounds. For instance the suicide of young Crowley, the suicide of Farmer Jolely, at Clarkston, the attempt of the two young women named Williams—one of whom swallowed powdered glass while the other tried morphine—these perhaps never would have thought of self-destruction except from the fact that it "was in aither," or except from the example of Jackson which I take it means practically the same thing in a time like this, and the terri-

ble crime which Julia Force perpetuated might have been delayed, perhaps averted, but for the storm that raged, certain it is, that there was some connection, in this way: Cobb Jackson has put a bullet through his temple and produced instant death; Julia Force had eagerly read the newspaper accounts of that tragedy, then with coolness and deliberation she put a bullet into the temple of each of her sisters. Is she insane? A jury in the ordinary's court has said so, men who read her statement said that if those sisters treated her as she says they did, she was not much to blame, of course that is wrong. It is easy to see, however, how a supersensitive nature like hers could by degrees be wrought up to a pitch where she believed all this. Her mind was unbalanced undoubtedly. The lesson it teaches is a terrible one to parents—a lesson of how a sensitive child whose nature has been warped can become a fiend.

And now the connection between Jackson and Redwine.

The warmest of friends, the closest of intimates, men of the same set who were bound by all sorts of close ties—the suicide of one follows immediately upon the defalcation and disgrace of the other. It looked like the two chapters of a story—and it was.

Thousands of rumors filled the air. They were rumors based on the theory that Cobb was in some way connected with Redwine's troubles, and as nobody knew anything definite the rumors covered the whole gaunt of wickedness and misfortune. Some had no possible groundwork and are not proper to repeat here. But that Jackson was a debtor to the bank has been officially announced by the bank's attorneys, but that he was debtor to Redwine to a very much greater extent is generally acknowledged. Redwine won't say how much and the papers, if there were any are not to be found. It is known, however that when Jackson and some of his young friends conceived the brilliant idea of buying up the Atlanta and Florida road intending to unload on some big system, the money they worked on, or most of it came from Redwine. And it is said that Redwine had time and again helped Jackson out of a financial

hole, once when he was on his bridal tour and had to draw on Atlanta for money. Jackson had no more idea of money matters than a child. He doubtless had visions of plans by which he would make it all back and no one ever questioned his honesty; but (the best plans sometimes miscarry and his were probably of the miscarrying class.

But \$95,000. is missing. Could he have gotten it all?

It seems beyond the realms of possibility.

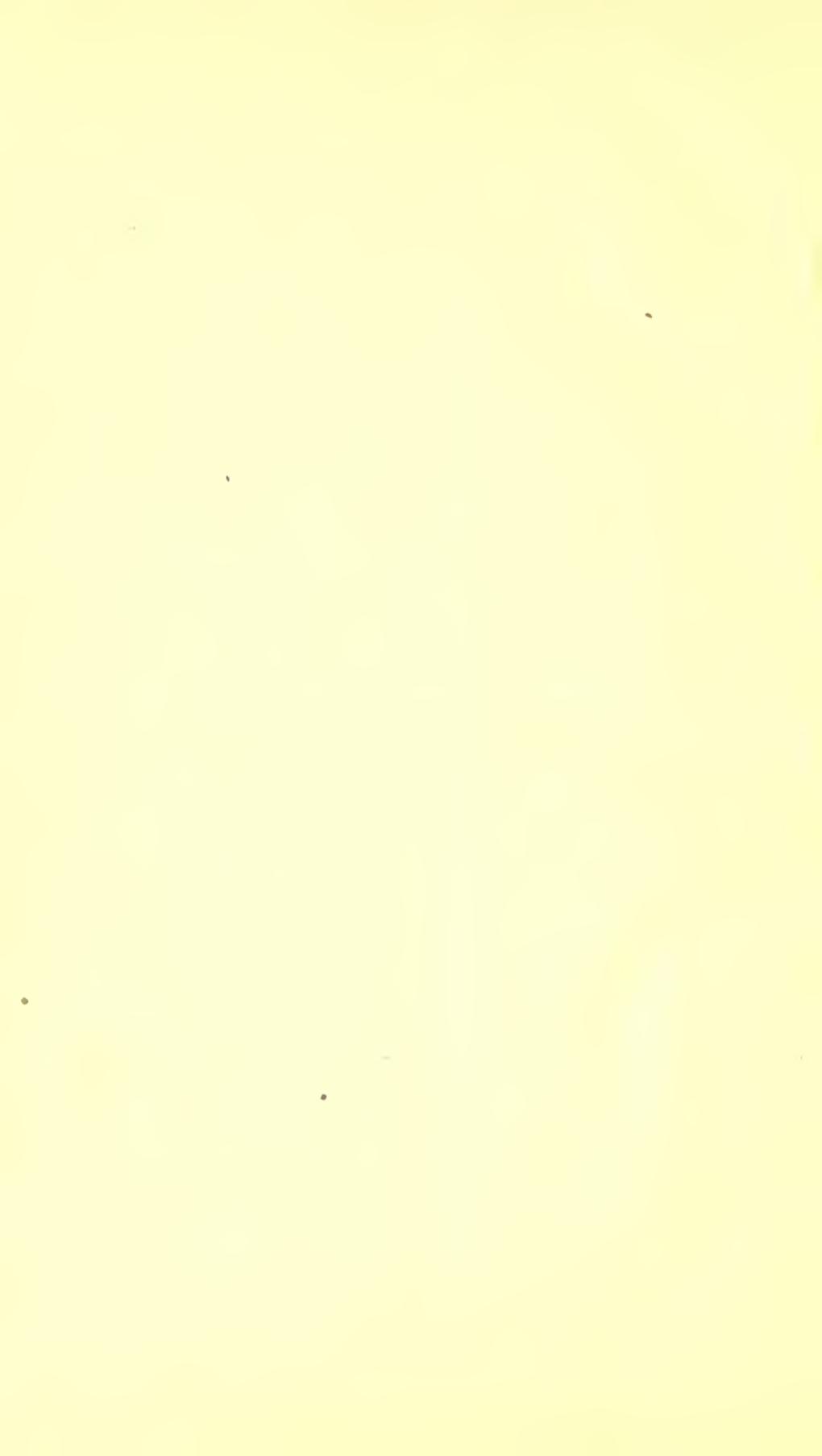
Then, were others of the same clique in the same boat?

That story Horace Owens told about a meeting of eleven of Redwine's friends before the defalcation when the situation was discussed and plans were laid to hide Redwine in the country twenty miles away—was that mere talk or was there something in it? True such a meeting could not have been held on the Sunday before the crisis came, or if it was, Cobb Jackson wasn't there. But couldn't such a meeting have been held some other day, or without Jackson?

It could but, was it? And if so, who was there?

Now that he is dead, the public will probably believe that Cobb Jackson was deepest interested of all who were connected with Redwine. I don't believe it. I believe if the truth ever comes out, it will be found that both Cobb Jackson and Redwine were in a very great measure the dupes of designing men. I think I could lay my hand on one of the men—but I am giving no names right now.

And I think too, that if certain people of whom he had a right to expect it had helped Cobb Jackson, there would have been no "Black week" of Atlanta. And I don't mean any of his immediate relatives, either.



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